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## A Letter from the Publisher

"It's been a long, fascinating, marvelous journey," mused TIME's Hugh Sidey last week. "And now the time has just come for a change." After 17 years as deputy head and then chief of our Washington, D.C., bureau, Sidey is stepping down. I am glad to report that he will continue to write his column, "The Presidency," for TIME. His replacement as bureau chief is Robert Ajemian, most recently the magazine's national political correspondent.

In addition to his column, Sidey will doubtless take on other assignments. Writing, after all, is in his blood. Born to a family of Iowa journalists, he was cleaning presses at the age of ten for the Adair County *Free Press*, a newspaper his great-grandfather founded and passed along to his father and brother. Recalls Hugh: "I've wiped down more ink than I care to remember."

He began reporting for TIME as a Washington correspondent in 1958, and has assessed six presidencies, including, of course, Jimmy Carter's. In the process, Sidey saw his city change. "Washington used to be a much slower town," he says of his early years there. "It was a more human un-

dertaking. There was more laughter then too, and I miss that."

Bob Ajemian believes that "the human side is still there," but admits that he inherits a "grimmer, more substantial" beat than the Washington he has known over the years as a political expert. Ajemian got his start as a sportswriter, working for the old Boston *Record American*. He was hired by Time Inc. in 1952 and rose to become assistant managing editor of LIFE. Ajemian has covered national political conventions since 1952 and is known to his colleagues as a painstaking reporter with an obsessive need to probe behind a politician's rhetoric. During the 1976 campaign, Bob's most memorable piece, perhaps, was a sensitive portrait of the ailing Hubert Humphrey watching the action from home. "I admire politicians," Ajemian confesses. "They're the best of the survivors. They work so hard to conceal their wounds. But when they do trust you and allow



Robert Ajemian (left) and Hugh Sidey

you to look behind that psychological armor, it's fascinating." Like Sidey before him, Washington Bureau Chief Ajemian can be counted on to look behind that psychological armor and report the fascinating findings to TIME's readers.

Ralph P. Davidson

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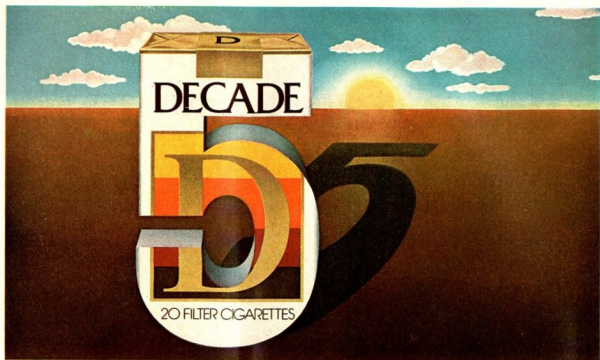
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## Letters

### Days of Terror

To the Editors:

Your assertion in "Israel Severs the Arm" [March 27] that "as might have been expected, the Israeli response vastly exceeded the provocation" is outrageous. What would you recommend as an appropriate response to the wanton murder of innocent babies, children and adults by terrorists who brazenly claim credit and then hide behind a national boundary and prepare to strike again? The Israeli response was restrained.

Mei Waldgeir  
San Antonio

Menachem Begin may have "severed the arm," but in so doing he clearly gave

struction of P.L.O. camps has also claimed hundreds of innocent lives. The seeds for future revenge have again been sown. Despite the severity of the invasion, Israeli borders are still not secure.

Joseph Elias  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

So what's the difference? It seems to be murder of women and children on both sides.

Tony van Renterghem  
Malibu, Calif.

Congratulations to President Carter for indicating that Israel does not completely determine policy for the U.S. It is time that our Government paid some attention to the needs and interests of its own people.

Gordon M. Jones  
Evanston, Ill.

TIME, in describing the Administration's Middle East arms package as coupling "15 ultrasophisticated F-15 fighter-bombers to Israel with the delivery of four times that number of F-15s to Saudi Arabia," failed to mention that the U.S. has already sold Israel 25 F-15 aircraft beyond the 15 in the package and that the current proposal also includes 75 F-16 advanced fighters for Israel.

The point is that Israel's military superiority, particularly in the air, is well established. The existing basic military balance in the region will not be affected by the Administration's current package. This Administration, like its predecessors, is determined that Israel will have the necessary arms to defend itself.

Lucy Wilson Benson  
Under Secretary of State for Security  
Assistance, Science and Technology  
Washington, D.C.

### Panama Treaties

The Senate's approval of the Panama Canal neutrality treaty was, in spite of the "reservations," a step in the right direction [March 27]. Arguments both for and against the treaties are sound. However, it merely requires simple logic to ascertain that while ratification of these treaties will not necessarily guarantee perpetual euphoria, failure to do so can only induce grim repercussions. Panama is a time bomb that the Senate must defuse with caution, by approving the resolution of ratification.

Eloy A. Haughton  
San Francisco

How many more shaky agreements will Mr. Carter make in the future, believing pressure on the Senate will bail him out? To preserve "the effectiveness of the presidency" is the worst possible reason to vote for any treaty.

The President will have long gone when our children and grandchildren have to face the consequences of his reck-



the P.L.O. a much needed victory. The savagery of the bus attack pales when compared with the indiscriminate and "safe" slaughter of civilians launched by a supposedly "responsible" government.  
Peter Barzyk  
Erie, Pa.

Begin might be everything from an "unrepentant" former guerrilla leader to the head of a divided Cabinet, to a man who wants peace. But one thing Begin knows for sure is that those who kill Jews in our time cannot enjoy impunity. Maybe Begin is the right person at the right time if Israel is to survive terrorism.

Reuben T. Mugerwa  
Berrien Springs, Mich.

The latest barbarous Israeli attacks against the civilians in southern Lebanon remind me of the true face of the aggressive, militant Israelis, whose real intent is to kill the innocent, occupy the land and expand at the expense of others.

Riad Hussein  
Buffalo

The massive Israeli attack launched into Lebanon may assuage the outraged emotions of the Israelis. However, the de-

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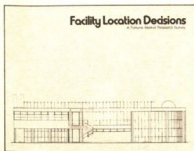
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### Letters

lessness. It is the security of the U.S. that is the important point, not the image of Jimmy Carter.

Jane Kelly  
Orinda, Calif.

### Zorinsky's Vote

Congratulations to Senator Edward Zorinsky (March 27) for doing his job: representing the people of Nebraska who elected him. I hope his constituents appreciate how he respected their wishes, despite the pressure from President Carter to vote for the Panama Canal treaty.

Kaye C. Cook  
Columbus

While I admire Senator Zorinsky's zest for independent decision making, I feel the story illuminates a faulty, if common, misconception of senatorial responsibility. With respect to matters of broad national concern, a legislator should represent his constituency by making the decision he feels will best serve the overall interest of the country. A Senator who makes every judgment while looking toward the next election serves neither his country nor his state.

Richard O. Wolkind  
Clearwater, Fla.

### Pulling Back

Thank God for people like Dean Rosovsky who want to reinstate a "core curriculum" for Harvard's undergraduates (March 27). I see no substance in the arguments of those who oppose him. We all want students to think for themselves, but this can best be done by studying the great thinkers of all time, which a good core curriculum will provide. Students and faculty can grow closer when they can share solid ideas based on rich academic backgrounds.

(Sister) Yolanda T. Demola  
Fordham University  
New York City

Harvard's Dean Rosovsky's idea of what makes a well-educated person will produce pompous graduates who know a little about everything and a lot about nothing. Their degrees will be mere status symbols.

What education should really be addressing itself to is the training of creative thinkers: people with new ideas who will be capable of solving the many complex problems that face us.

This is the age of specialization. No need for every baker to be also a butcher.

Mike Wilson  
Jackson, Mich.

### Blacks on TV

TIME's Essay, "Blacks on TV: A Disturbing Image" (March 27), was well taken and timely. As those of us who study television know, however, the question is

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## Letters

still one of economics. While it is true that sponsors can now be found for programs with black principals, those programs are still aimed at a primarily white audience, an audience that is perceived by the sponsors and producers of the programs as being more affluent and therefore more able to purchase the products hawked on the program.

When blacks are seen by the sponsors and producers as a significant economic force, then high quality programming (or at least as good as the rest of TV) will magically appear.

*Terry Vaughn  
Valley Forge, Pa.*

I agree wholeheartedly with Lance Morrow. As a young black law student, I find it distressing to know that the image potential white jurors have of blacks is often shaped by TV.

*Ernest F. McAdams Jr.  
Cincinnati*

I don't think black leaders, teachers and psychologists claim so much that the black TV image is distorted; they are irritated because the medium is exploiting a reality of black culture, perpetuating what is, but what the black leaders would like to make into what was.

*Tom Savage  
Menard, Ill.*

### Furor over Reincarnation

I am quite dismayed that there should be a furor over David Weltha's teaching of reincarnation at Iowa State University in Ames [March 27]. I was always under the impression that we send our children to college to learn about existing theories and knowledge in the universe. We surely expose them to the concepts of Communism, genocide and terrorism, as well as other world dynamics that have a significant effect on the human condition.

Reincarnation is an existing philosophy. It is felt to be valid by millions of people around the world and in various cultures, currently and historically. To disallow this subject in college is in itself primitive and "blatant nonsense."

*Anita Temple  
New York City*

A professor should eliminate myths and superstitions, not encourage them.

*David Rubin  
New York City*

Professor Patterson, Weltha's adversary, is surely right. Suppose that in my classes I were to justify my answers to philosophical questions by saying that they had been revealed to me in a communion with the Absolute. I believe that the university would have the right, in-

deed the obligation, to silence me. If Professor Wertha is maintaining that the supposed phenomena concerning auras, reincarnation, etc. have been factually established, then I believe he ought to be silenced or removed.

*Elmer D. Klemke  
Iowa State University  
Ames, Iowa*

### 60 Minutes

In reading the article "60-Minute Dash" [March 27], I was aghast at the comment from ABC's Bob Shanks that *60 Minutes* is "pontifical and humorless" and that its 14-minute pieces seem too long.

Has it occurred to ABC that perhaps people watch *60 Minutes* because it is not slick, filled with frequent humor, and does not slide quickly over items?

*Mrs. Lawrence E. Fisher  
West Hartford, Conn.*

Dan Rather—"not so handsome"? I suppose the man who wrote the article (it had to be a man) thinks Robert Redford is downright ugly.

*Anne Teresa Anderson  
Albany*

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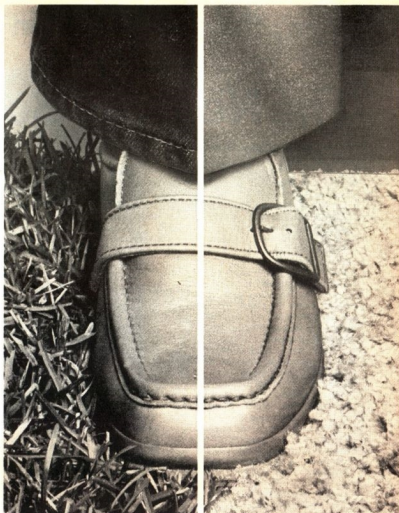
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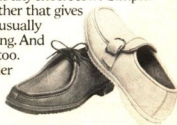
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**IDLERS**  
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## Nation

TIME/APR. 17, 1978

# The Neutron Bomb Furor

*A mishandled power play produces international confusion*

**"W**hat is going on?" asked a bewildered official in the West German Chancellery last week. "Has Jimmy Carter decided or hasn't he?" Sighed a high-ranking West German diplomat: "Carter's unpredictability makes anything possible." In Paris, the left-leaning daily *Le Monde* observed in an editorial: "Rarely has American confusion and emptiness been so deep." At NATO headquarters in Brussels officials shook their heads incredulously and hoped that the President would explain his seeming reversal of U.S. policy.

There was similar consternation in Washington, from the Pentagon and State Department to Capitol Hill. "Another in a long line of Carter mistakes," declared Senate Republican Leader Howard Baker Jr. of Tennessee. Said Georgia Democrat Sam Nunn, a friend of Carter's and a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee: "I'm dismayed and puzzled. I don't understand. They're not on a very clear course."

This transatlantic furor was set off last week by an incorrect front-page report in the *New York Times* that Jimmy Carter had decided against production of the neutron bomb. For months U.S. diplomats had been trying to win NATO nations' support for the bomb on the ground that its lethal radiation would offset the Soviet Union's 3-to-1 superiority in tanks in Central Europe. Now Carter seemed to have changed his mind despite the recommendations of his chief advisers on defense and diplomacy. All week long U.S. officials kept denying the *Times* report, insisting that it was all a misunderstanding, that no firm decision had been made.

On Friday, finally, after a NATO Council meeting in Brussels, Carter publicly announced that he was not scrapping the bomb—but not putting it into production either. Instead, he postponed his final decision on full-scale production. At the very least, the President was keeping open his options while determining not only what effect the deployment of the bomb would have but also what the Soviets might give up in exchange for cancellation of the weapon. Nonetheless, the uproar, and Jimmy Carter's response to

it, raised unsettling questions about the way he makes important decisions and conducts foreign policy. Conceded Defense Secretary Harold Brown: "We could have handled it better."

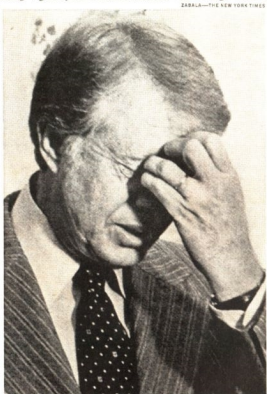
At issue is a 1-kiloton nuclear bomb\* that can be delivered to battlefield targets by 20-ft. Lance missiles, with a range

of 75 miles, or by 8-in. howitzer shells, which can be fired about 13 miles. The weapon gets its name from the fact that on detonation it releases enormous quantities of radioactive neutrons that kill people without destroying buildings. According to proponents, the bomb could break up a Soviet tank attack without destroying buildings outside the battle zone. Moreover, since most neutron radiation dissipates in seconds, NATO troops could move in quickly to secure the battlefield;

the radiation from conventional nuclear weapons would remain hazardous much longer. If built, the neutron bomb would replace many of NATO's 7,000 tactical nuclear warheads, which generally range in size from 10 to 50 kilotons, and are stored mostly in West Germany, the front line of the West's defense. Total estimated cost of the ten-year replacement program: from \$2 billion to \$4 billion.

**M**ost NATO admirals and generals back the neutron bomb because of its advantages over existing tactical warheads, but their civilian leaders have reacted more coolly, and some military men also voice dissent. British Admiral of the Fleet Sir Peter Hill-Norton dismisses the neutron bomb as "sexy for the media [but] a new dimension of warfare that we do not want to go into." The Dutch are attempting to keep the bomb out of the NATO arsenal and Christian Democratic Leader Willem Aantjes declared last week that the false report of Carter's decision was "extremely good news" because "the introduction of new weapons has only resulted in the intensification of the arms race." The French, who twelve years ago withdrew from the command structure of NATO, say they would refuse to allow the bomb on their territory and look on it as a problem that mainly concerns Washington and Bonn. The West Germans, however, have been doing their best to evade the issue.

The reason for the caution: an emotional debate over the bomb that has gone on for months on both sides of the Atlantic. Opponents maintain that the weapon is immoral because it destroys people but not property; the argument, of course, overlooks the fact that existing tactical nuclear warheads are also intended to kill people. More to the point, opponents believe that the neutron bomb's limited blast and short-lived ra-



**Carter in a moment of weariness at the White House**

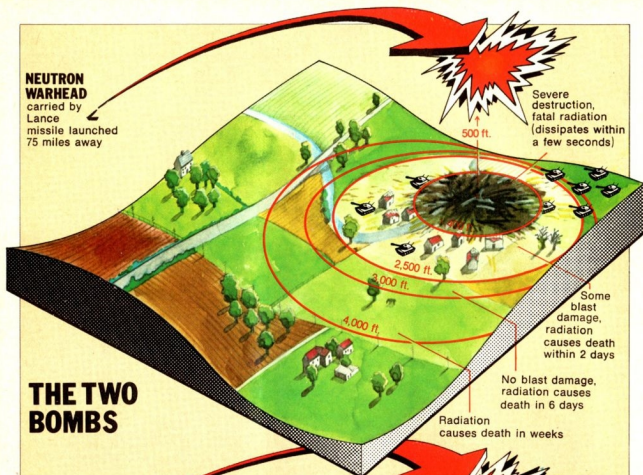
*And finally a decision to postpone a decision.*

of 75 miles, or by 8-in. howitzer shells, which can be fired about 13 miles. The weapon gets its name from the fact that on detonation it releases enormous quantities of radioactive neutrons that kill people without destroying buildings. According to proponents, the bomb could break up a Soviet tank attack without destroying buildings outside the battle zone. Moreover, since most neutron radiation dissipates in seconds, NATO troops could move in quickly to secure the battlefield;

\*Linguistic purists in the Pentagon insist that the neutron bomb is a warhead and not a bomb at all, but many military experts classify shells, warheads and other explosive weapons that come down on the enemy from the air as bombs. The word derives from the Greek *bombon*, meaning a deep hollow sound. In the earliest known use of the word in English, an anonymous translator of a Spanish treatise described in 1588 how the Chinese used "many bones of fire, full of old iron and arrows made with powder & fire works, with the which they do much harme and destroy their enemies."

## NEUTRON WARHEAD

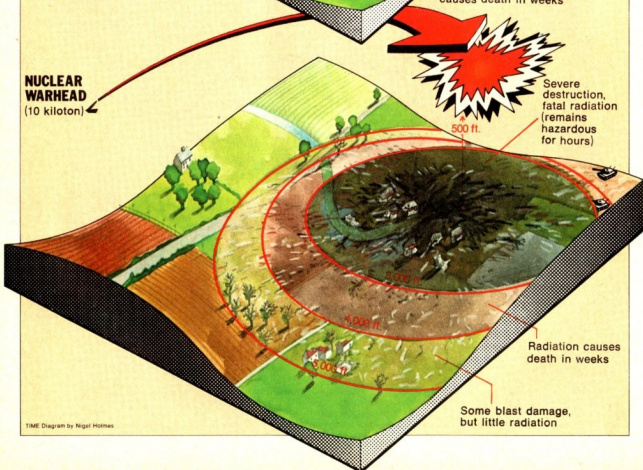
carried by  
Lance  
missile launched  
75 miles away



## THE TWO BOMBS

## NUCLEAR WARHEAD

(10 kiloton)





## How the Neut Came to Be

"It's sort of a mini-hydrogen bomb," says Weapons Analyst Samuel T. Cohen of the so-called neutron bomb. Cohen should know. In the late 1950s, as a Rand Corp. consultant to the Air Force, he was the first to draw the military's attention to the possibility of making a new type of nuclear weapon. It would do the bulk of its damage not by heat or concussive force, but by a flood of high-energy subatomic particles called neutrons. Cohen, who has no academic credentials beyond a bachelor's degree from U.C.L.A., wanted to create a relatively "clean weapon" that produced a minimum of radioactive fallout, blast and heat.

In retrospect, it is easy to see why Cohen and his colleagues were fascinated by such a device. At the time, there was a growing revulsion against contamination by radioactive debris from extremely "dirty" nuclear tests in the at-

yds. from ground zero, but the high-energy neutrons, hurtling in all directions and penetrating even the thick armor of tanks and other vehicles, can kill at distances of up to a mile. Victims of radiation sickness suffer from vomiting, fever, hemorrhaging and convulsions. Yet proponents of the bomb argue that because the radiation is short-lived and there is little lingering fallout, much of the battle zone remains fit for habitation and even people who live relatively close by should be safe if they have taken cover.

The construction details of the "neut" remain a guarded secret, but the principles are well known to physicists. Neutron bombs are essentially small thermonuclear devices, or H-bombs, the explosive equivalent of about 1,000 tons of TNT. Unlike the earliest A-bombs, which involved the fission—or splitting—of such radioactive materials as uranium and plutonium, H-bombs work by fusing isotopes of the simplest and lightest element, hydrogen, into slightly heavier atoms of helium, although they still require a small fission "trigger" to reach the sunlike temperatures (tens of millions of degrees) required for fusion.

Edward Teller and his colleagues at the Government's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory in Livermore, Calif., had shown as early as the 1950s that a miniature H-bomb was scientifically feasible. However, the actual detonation of a neutron device did not take place until 1963 at the old Atomic Energy Commission's Nevada proving grounds. Though the test was successful, the neutron bomb did not win ready acceptance in Washington. Intent on building up a stockpile of conventional weapons in Western Europe, the Kennedy Administration shelved the N-bomb. The concept was revived in 1969 for an entirely different purpose: the U.S. wanted to develop a defense against incoming Soviet missiles by exploding nuclear bombs at high altitudes. Since such blasts might take place over American territory, low-yield neutron bombs seemed ideal. But once more, neutron bombs were ruled out of the strategic thinking, this time because the U.S. scrubbed plans to build the costly and complex antiballistic missile defense system.

In 1975 Defense Secretary James Schlesinger became convinced that NATO's conventional nuclear weapons were losing their effectiveness as a deterrent, and he persuaded President Ford to authorize funds for production of at least two neutron devices, at a cost of about \$1 million apiece (twice the cost of conventional nuclear warheads). They were to be designed as warheads for either the new Lance missiles or 8-in. artillery shells. But the move created such a clamor that President Carter has now held up production and deployment of the weapons.

Carter's concern reflects not only the political fears that neutron bombs have raised but also the doubts of many scientists about their actual effectiveness. Despite the assurances of proponents that there will be minimal damage to civilians from the weapons, researchers can still only guess at some of the long-term consequences of even relatively mild doses of neutron bombardment, a form of radiation extremely lethal to living tissue. What is more, there is no assurance that an adversary will not adjust his tactics to minimize the damage to his own forces—say, by spreading his tanks so far apart that it will take dozens of neutron bombs to knock them out. Because of insufficient tests, there is no certainty how much radiation would penetrate an invading tank or how long it would take radiation sickness to kill enemy troops. Claims IBM Physicist Richard Garwin, a longtime Government defense consultant: "The neutron bomb is less effective than either the weapons we have now or the weapons the Russians have now." That is a minority view, to be sure, but it illustrates the scientific and military complexities of the N-bomb decision.



**Test firing of Lance missile, which could carry neutron bomb**  
*Scientists wonder about long-term effects.*

mosphere. Also, a low-yield bomb fitted in neatly with the limited-war concepts that were then being explored by the Eisenhower Administration. Some Pentagon strategists wanted to include in their nuclear arsenal a relatively small weapon that could be used tactically by troops in the field against a potential aggressor without causing incalculable havoc among civilian populations.

All nuclear weapons, of course, kill by heat, concussive force and radiation. But when their yield is reduced, as in the neutron bomb, the balance changes. In the words of Herbert Scoville Jr., a former weapons specialist for the Pentagon and CIA: "The instantaneous nuclear radiation, first gamma rays, then neutrons, become predominant, and the blast thermal effects become less and less important." As a result, if a typical bomb of this sort is exploded 500 ft. above the target, the blast and heat effects extend only about 400



diation would invite its use in a crisis, thus increasing the danger of a conventional conflict escalating into a nuclear holocaust. But, as supporters note, NATO is a defensive alliance and the neutron bombs would only be used on allied territory to beat back a Soviet attack. Soviet propagandists have played artfully on the debate. In *Pravda*, for instance, President Leonid Brezhnev called the bomb "an inhuman weapon." But in the same article he warned that the Soviets might proceed with their own neutron bomb if the U.S. goes ahead with production. In fact, the Soviets are indeed working on their own version of the weapon.

**N**owhere has the neutron bomb debate been fiercer than in West Germany, where relations with the U.S. are already strained because of differences over economic policy, German nuclear energy policy and Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's personal dislike of Carter. For months Schmidt has privately told the U.S. that his government backs the bomb and would allow it to be deployed on West German territory. But he has refused to make the commitment public. In this way, he hoped to appease his Social Democratic Party's anti-bomb left wing, which has the power to split Schmidt's ten-vote majority in the Bundestag. Party Secretary General Egon Bahr has denounced the neutron bomb as "a symbol of mental perversion." The phrase quickly caught on with many West Germans, even though most of them accept the larger tactical nukes already stored on their soil. To escape his domestic political dilemma, Schmidt has insisted that production of the neutron bomb was "solely an American decision." If the bomb is produced, he wants the U.S. to use it as a bargaining chip in negotiations with the Soviets to reduce tank forces in Europe and to limit their new SS-20 mo-



Schmidt pondering a point in Bonn  
"Solely an American decision."



West German Minister of Foreign Affairs Genscher chatting with Vance in Washington  
For a while, the White House suffered political and diplomatic radiation burns.

tile missile, which has a range of more than 2,200 miles and carries three independently targeted nuclear warheads. Only if these efforts fail does Schmidt want to announce that the bombs can be installed in West Germany.

Schmidt's waffling annoyed the White House, which regards the bomb as no bargaining chip at all unless Bonn publicly accepts it. Said a top White House official: "Those warheads aren't worth a damn if they're stored in the basement of the Pentagon."

Ever since last November, when Carter told the NATO allies that he needed their backing before going ahead with the neutron bomb, U.S. officials have been trying to win that support. At a meeting with key defense and diplomatic aides last month, Carter was told that the U.S. had received "very little" in the way of assurances. "The President simply said that wasn't adequate," reported one participant in the meeting. To force Schmidt's hand, Carter dispatched Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher to Bonn to warn that the bomb might be scrapped unless West Germany publicly agreed to base it on German territory. The news shocked Bonn, which responded by advancing the date of a scheduled trip to Washington by Minister for Foreign Affairs Hans-Dietrich Genscher.

The German minister met last week with Carter, Defense Secretary Brown, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance to assure them that Bonn really did back the bomb and its deployment on West German soil. He even said publicly: "We feel that this should be produced." But he stopped short of saying that the bomb could be based in West Germany. A German official described the talks as "correct and businesslike"—diplomatic code words meaning a tough discussion. Still, said a high-level White House aide,

"at least we now have a basis for making a decision."

While all this was happening, the New York Times reported Carter's cancellation threat as if it were a completed decision. White House officials believe that the account was based on a leaked cable from the State Department to Christopher in Bonn.

TIME has learned that after Christopher received oral instructions from Carter at the White House on March 27, one of his aides asked the State Department's Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs to draft a memo setting forth background "talking points" for his confrontation with Schmidt. The memo was to be cabled to the U.S. Embassy in Bonn, where Christopher planned to arrive on March 30 after a trip to Turkey. But the author of the memo, whose identity was not disclosed, either misunderstood his instructions or deliberately drafted a cable that a State Department official described as "a lot sharper and starker" than Carter's instructions to Christopher. It gave the erroneous impression that the President had made a final decision against the bomb.

**W**hen Christopher read the cable in Bonn, he realized that it exceeded Carter's orders. In his conversations with Schmidt and Genscher, Christopher stuck to his oral instructions and advised them only that Carter was "leaning against" the bomb unless Bonn publicly agreed to it on West German territory. But the cable nonetheless did its political damage. Said a presidential aide: "The cable went from State on an FYI basis to just about all the embassies in Europe. Between 500 and 1,000 people must have seen it, and one of them leaked it."

At week's end, the State Department was still trying to find out who had done so, and why, since leaks of both false and

## Nation

# Team Player for the Joint Chiefs

*And the Air Force keeps flying high*

true information often have some partisan purpose. Said one Carter adviser: "It either came from someone who was trying to force us into a certain decision, or from someone who was trying to hurt us in the Senate on SALT." Indeed, some Senators who oppose SALT would probably welcome a public showdown on the bomb because the reaction in NATO would make it more difficult for the Administration to win ratification of a new SALT treaty. Sam Nunn and Democrat Scoop Jackson of Washington warned that if Carter rejected the bomb, they might vote against the Panama Canal treaty, thus probably causing its defeat. Said Nevada Republican Senator Paul Laxalt, a leader of the Senate's antiretreat faction: "He's pulling the pin on these guys."

The Administration's efforts to deny the *Times* report proved ineffective. Complained a top presidential aide: "I suppose it's in the nature of the presidency that we have to take responsibility for an inaccurate leak." Nonetheless, as *TIME* Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott observes: "Christopher's mission to Bonn was a risky way for one ally to deal with another, and particularly for Washington to deal with Bonn. Given all the tensions of the past year, the Germans were sure to look on the tactic as diplomatic blackmail." Officials in Bonn could hardly be proud of their dilatory and evasive tactics in dealing with the bomb.

**W**hile the White House was suffering from severe political and diplomatic radiation burns, Carter sounded out congressional leaders and consulted again with his advisers. Brown, Brzezinski and Vance favored production of the bomb, but they urged a two-year delay on deploying it while the Administration sounded out Moscow on trading it for limits on Russia's SS-20 missile.

But a decision is not made in the Carter Administration until the President makes up his mind in private. On occasion he does not follow the advice of even his most senior assistants, as he showed when he made his decision to withdraw U.S. troops from South Korea. This time Carter went partly along with his advisers' recommendations. He postponed production of the bomb but gave a go-ahead for work on the Lance missile and artillery shell that will deliver it.

What happens next depends mostly on Bonn and Moscow. Carter has flatly ruled out producing the bomb until West Germany agrees publicly to let the weapon be installed on its territory. Because of the bomb's importance to West Germany's defense, Bonn is expected to come around eventually. At the same time, according to a White House adviser, the decision "puts the monkey back on the Russians' back. Now we are giving them a chance to give us something real. If they do nothing, we'll end up with neutron warheads in Germany."

**A**s a newly appointed aide to Strategic Air Command Boss Curtis LeMay, Lieut. Colonel David C. Jones was apprehensive when he planned a 1956 flight with the tough-talking general to Goose Bay in Labrador. Jones' concern turned out to be justified. LeMay walked unexpectedly through a door in the C-97, and a startled flight engineer dropped a hatch, which hit the general on the head. Next a crewman guarding another open hatch was distracted just as LeMay approached, and the commander fell into the hole, suffering scratches and bruises. Finally, LeMay was walking forward in the aircraft, lighting his ever present cigar, when someone unintentionally slammed a door in his face. "I think they're trying to kill me," LeMay grumbled.

"After that," Jones recalls, "we operated a little more efficiently." Davey Jones not only survived that trip, but he has functioned so efficiently ever since that last week he was named by President Jimmy Carter to become the new head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In an otherwise routine shift of three top-level military commands, Jones, 56, and the Air Force won an unexpected victory by gaining the two-year appointment to the nation's highest uniformed post at a time when traditional rotation policy would



Incoming J.C.S. Chairman David Jones

have turned it over to the Army. Jones will succeed another Air Force general, the controversial and talkative George S. Brown, on July 1. That is when Brown, who is ill with cancer of the prostate will complete his second term.

The elevation of the hard-driving Jones, whose dark circles under the eyes accurately convey the career-long intensity of his striving for the top, was interpreted at the Pentagon as a reward for the relative combat readiness of the Air Force, as well as for Jones' own will-

ingness to go along with White House-approved defense policies. Jones, as Air Force Chief of Staff, fought hard for production of the B-1 bomber but refused to wage any further fight to save it once the President had made his decision against the aircraft. Similarly, Jones argued both publicly and privately in behalf of the Panama Canal treaties negotiated by the Administration. Former Navyman Carter was known to be unhappy with the Navy, which has been openly fighting for more carriers and a bigger role in defense strategy. It has also been plagued by poor management as various shipbuilding programs have incurred delays and huge cost overruns. As for the Army, Chief of Staff Bernard Rogers made it clear that he did not want the J.C.S. chairmanship.

While it was not the Navy's turn to



New Air Force Chief Lew Allen Jr.



New Navy Chief Thomas B. Hayward

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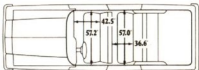
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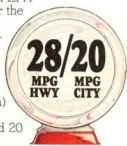
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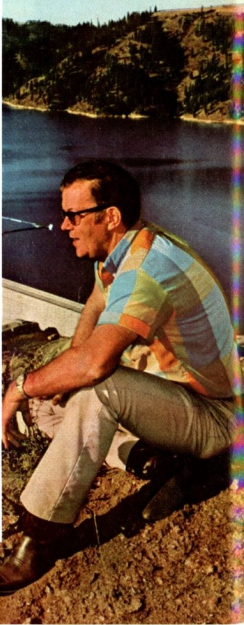
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Only  
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power to light  
30,000 homes."**



## Nation

### The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

## Joyless Exercise on Form 1040



Goose Connoisseur Colbert

head the joint chiefs, some Pentagon observers saw a message for that service in the retention of the post by the Air Force. "The Administration wants no boat-rockers in the new J.C.S.," said one civilian defense official. "The Administration is telling the Navy that if it wants to play rough, the Administration can play rougher."

To replace Jones as Air Force Chief of Staff, Carter has selected General Lew Allen Jr., a tall, bald and brilliant non-combat officer with expertise as a nuclear physicist and advanced-weapons specialist. Allen, 52, has headed the supersecret National Security Agency and is a missileman who talks the same kind of technical language as Defense Secretary Harold Brown. The third shift is the promotion of Admiral Thomas B. Hayward, 53, commander of the Pacific Fleet, to succeed Admiral James L. Holloway III as Chief of Naval Operations. Holloway's four-year term as the Navy's highest officer will also expire in June. Another admiral with long carrier experience, Hayward was widely favored within the Navy for the top job. Says one Pentagon insider: "It's really amazing. When the admirals talk about one another, they usually say, 'He's very good, but...' With Hayward you never hear a 'but.'"

**G**eneral Jones, who has got ahead as a team player, is not likely to repeat the Navy's rebellious behavior. Born in Aberdeen, S. Dak., he developed his interest in aviation as a boy growing up in Minot, N. Dak., where he would visit a small airport and talk to pilots. Jones was a flying instructor during World War II, a bomber pilot in Korea and a director of operations and vice commander of the Seventh Air Force in Viet Nam.

A budget-conscious commander who has often drawn fire from subordinates for his staffing and airbase-facilities cutbacks, Jones has a compensating reputation as what a Pentagon aide calls a "people person." He has, for example, insisted on equality of treatment for blacks within the Air Force. When a USAF airperson won a nude beauty contest in Florida last year, some officials nervously brought the matter to Jones' attention during a staff conference. After a report on the incident was read, there was a moment of silence. Jones settled the question by observing, "Well, she wasn't in uniform, was she?"

Jones dislikes formal briefing sessions and military posturing, which he terms "the look-good syndrome." He insists instead on his subordinate officers' pushing just as hard as he does for practical proficiency in their jobs. "Anyone who feels he has done everything in his job that needed doing simply didn't set his goals high enough," he contends. Davey Jones has set his personal sights high indeed—but even though he has reached the chairmanship of the Joint Chiefs, no one expects him to relax now. ■

In a few days, with no little anguish, poets will become bookkeepers and chiropractors mathematicians. Tax time. America will produce a \$402 billion miracle, the greatest amount of wealth ever peaceably signed over to the state.

About now the No. 1 citizen will have his forms on his desk. Accountant Bob Perry from Americus, Ga., and Atlanta Attorney Harvey Hill did the figuring. Jimmy Carter will cast a critical eye over the totals. Rosalynn will check the household items. When they sign their joint return, by some estimates, they could be paying far more than \$100,000, registering some of the same wonder and pain that will accompany the other 87,999,999 returns.

What sets this tax season apart is the growing alarm in the nation at the size of the entire tax burden—about 34% of family incomes—including local property taxes, Social Security withholding and right on up to the federal bite, which is the biggest. While three out of four of those federal returns will ask for refunds, the hope of getting a little money back will often be dampened by the duty of computation ("My own return has driven me right up the tree," confesses a man at the U.S. Treasury).

Some of the politicians around Carter are concerned that if the people cast about for a tax villain, the President may be it, even though he is trying to make the federal burden fairer and forms simpler. The average citizen's return doesn't bear Carter's name, but it is probably the most intimate communication that the voter has with the White House all year. Even with the improved short form it is a joyless exercise. So far, tax revolt is a local phenomenon. The IRS has received no more than the usual handful of worn shirts stuffed into tax-return envelopes along with walls of "Right off my back!" But polls report that while Americans are behind the federal system, they show signs of reaching their limits of tax tolerance.

At the Executive Office Building, one fellow who deals in tax matters dug out the line from Jean Baptiste Colbert, the tax collector for Louis XIV, who set the tone for all that followed him: "The art of taxation consists in so plucking the goose as to obtain the largest possible amount of feathers with the smallest possible amount of hissing." So far, he reckons, Country Boy Carter has plucked well, though there surely is some hissing in the background.

The ghost of Beardsley Ruml is about town, both abused and praised. Ruml was a huge man of equally large intellect, who was treasurer of Macy's, chairman of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and Government brain-truster for Hoover and Roosevelt. He propounded a range of ideas, including the pay-as-you-go tax system. Its salient characteristic was the anesthetized paycheck, near painless extraction of dollars. Nothing less could have been expected from the cultivated Ruml, who loved Brahms and Bach and preceded his magnificent lunches with a touch of dry sherry taken to announce to his stomach that a Manhattan would follow immediately and other delights right behind. "I spent many years getting into condition for a sedentary life and, having got into condition, I never broke training," he once explained. In tax matters, too, he took the path of least resistance. At Treasury, which gets all that money the Ruml system yields, they hail him as the fellow who made big expensive Government possible. Critics suggest that the Ruml scheme and the golden river it produces have caused federal elephantiasis, which may yet crush us.

In Capitol Hill they are waiting for the April wisdom from Chairman Long, an event of no small magnitude to those who know how tax bills are created. The chairman is Louisiana's Russell Long, the ringmaster of the Senate's Finance Committee. He may be hard put to improve on the commandment he handed down last year about his plans for the tax system. "You have to tighten up on the loose ends and loosen up on the tight ends," he said. That may not help much on this year's 1040, but it surely is the tax road to the future.



Sherry Connoisseur Ruml



# Park Talks (a Little)

*He calls his bribery "an American success story"*

**H**is black shoes sparkled, his gold watch glittered. In the lapel of his crisp blue jacket a gold pin with five pearls gleamed. Under the hot glare of TV lights he kept dry and cool, sipping club soda. From behind the immaculate façade, however, came a sordid account of influence peddling. In two days of public hearings before the House ethics committee, Tongsun Park, the South Korean rice broker and Georgetown party host, provided the details of how he gave 31 past and present Congressmen, two congressional candidates and President Nixon's re-election committee upward of \$850,000 in gifts and "campaign contributions." Indicted last September on 36 counts including mail fraud, failure to reg-

the effectiveness of invitation diplomacy is nearly 100%," Park told the Korean government.

His biggest cash gifts were awarded to those former Congressmen who could best help his rice business. Louisiana's Otto Passman, who had not liked Park's arrangements for rice deals in his state, was pursued to Hong Kong in 1970 and given \$5,000 "for his campaign." Passman, who was indicted last month for bribery and conspiracy, received another \$274,000 from Park over the course of six years. Given the law barring campaign contributions from foreigners, Park also developed an interest in antique watches and jewelry, which Passman happened to collect. Park started buying Passman's



Tongsun Park conferring with his attorney William Hundley during House ethics hearings

"High Korean officials knew what he was doing and supported what he was doing."

ister as a foreign agent and bribery, Park testified with immunity from prosecution and claimed: "What I have done in Washington constitutes an American success story, on a small scale."

While Park added no major revelations to what has been disclosed over the past 18 months, his air of injured innocence, his flippant responses to questions revealed much about the man. Said committee Counsel Leon Jaworski, who was often irritated by Park's demeanor: "He treats this whole affair as just an ordinary sort of thing." Park practiced, according to a report he wrote on how to win support for Korea in Congress, "invitation diplomacy." He entertained Congressmen in his George Town Club; he arranged junkets for them and their wives to Seoul. "The past records indicate that

trophies at 50% above the market value.

The most puzzling turn in the scandal concerned Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill. Before Park's public testimony, the Justice Department released a document to the ethics committee that cast doubts on the Speaker's repeated assertions that he had nothing to do with Park other than being given two elaborate (\$6,000 total) birthday parties at the George Town Club plus a set of golf clubs and some hurricane lamps. The paper, written in Korean and titled "U.S. Congressional Delegation's visit to Korea," was found in Park's house in Washington. The document discussed the trip that O'Neill, 19 other Congressmen and some of their wives took to Korea in 1974. It said: "Mr. O'Neill specifically requested us to provide those Congressmen with election

campaign funds and their wives with necessary expenses."

Four Congressmen on the trip did receive payments from the Koreans, and two wives have testified that they were offered money but turned it down. O'Neill called the document "self-serving and a total fabrication." Park denied having written it and complained that the committee had violated his rights by seizing documents in his house. But Committee Investigator John Nields retorted, "The question was how the document got into your house, not how it got out." Still, the committee probers say they have "no faith" in the memo, thinking that at best it is an exaggeration.

Both Nields and Jaworski hammered away at Park on his connection with the Korean government, and he repeatedly denied being an agent of the Seoul regime. If it could be determined that Park was, indeed, a South Korean government agent, then even the campaign contributions would be illegal. As Millicent Fenwick, a committee member from New Jersey said, "High Korean officials knew what he was doing, approved what he was doing and supported what he was doing." Specifically, South Korean President Park Chung Hee wrote numerous directives to Korean officials in Washington, asking them to aid Park in his activities.

To clarify Park's relations to his government and to expose more South Korean influence peddling in Washington, the ethics committee investigators want to summon former Ambassador Kim Dong Jo, who they are convinced conducted a similar payoff operation. Seoul, which is claiming diplomatic immunity for Kim, may have gotten a boost for its argument when former U.S. Ambassador to South Korea William Porter admitted last week that the U.S. had bugged the Blue House, Korea's presidential home and office, before he arrived there in 1967. Korea has apparently decided not to question Porter on the bugging, which other U.S. officials still deny, and getting Kim to talk may be even more difficult now that Seoul has relaxed its position on Porter.

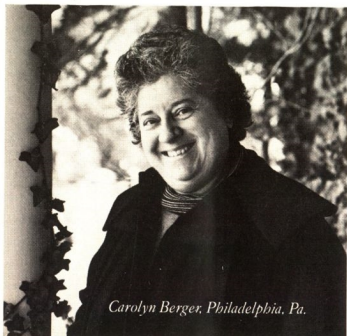
## End of the Rope

*Seeking justice in Houston*

**S**hortly before midnight last May 5, an Army veteran named Joe Campos Torres, 23, was arrested for shouting insults and threatening customers at the Club 21, located in a Mexican-American community on Houston's east side. Wearing Army fatigues and combat boots, Torres appeared drunk but apparently healthy when police officers took him away. A few hours later, when the police brought him to jail, he was so badly bruised that duty officers refused to book him. They told the arresting officers to take Torres to Ben Taub General Hospital for treatment. Instead, six policemen



**"I thought seeing Italy would teach  
me more about my father.  
Instead it taught me more about myself."**



*Carolyn Berger, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"My maiden name is Aquino. A very common name in the town of Monte Fredane, where my father was born. He left there almost 100 years ago, in the steerage section of a boat, to start a new life in America.

"Recently, I went to Italy to visit his hometown. My father's house is still standing. (It's home now to another family.) I visited the

church where my father was baptized and was able to see the record of his birth in the Town Hall. You see, the Monte Fredane I saw is very much the same as the one my father left so many years ago.

"Even with a background of hardship and coming to a strange new land, my father and mother managed to raise 12 children. Sometimes with an iron hand. But always with love.

"There were many times that my father and I didn't agree. And many times that I didn't understand his ways. But now I do.

"What formed his personality was the land he left. And through him, the memory of that same land formed mine."

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## Nation



**Convicted Houston Policemen Denson (left) and Janish (right) sample barbecue with supporters**  
The body of Joe Campos Torres was discovered floating in 15 ft. of water.

drove him one mile to an area known as "the Hole," behind a large warehouse facing the muddy Buffalo Bayou that winds through the city. There, according to subsequent testimony, they pushed Torres off a 20-ft. dock into the bayou. His body was discovered two days later, floating in 15 ft. of water.

**T**wo of the policemen, Terry Denson, 27, and Stephen Orlando, 22, were prosecuted at a trial that was moved from Houston to the small town of Huntsville. They were convicted last Oct. 7, but only of negligent homicide. Each got a suspended sentence of one year and a \$2,000 fine.

After that light sentence, the U.S. Attorney for Houston, J.A. ("Tony") Canales, himself a Mexican American, brought federal charges against Denson, Orlando and a third policeman, Joseph Janish, 24, on charges of conspiracy and violating Torres' civil rights. He acted under a new Justice Department policy inaugurated by Attorney General Griffin Bell that allows federal trials for defendants previously tried at the state level when this is necessary "to vindicate broader principles."

Last month the second trial, too, ended in conviction, but again the sentence was mild: one year in prison for the civil rights violation plus a ten-year suspended sentence for conspiracy. Said U.S. District Judge Ross N. Sterling, a former law partner of ex-Governor John Connally: "A long period of confinement would have little impact on the Houston police department, where I believe the heart of the trouble lies."

That explanation hardly satisfied Houston's outraged Mexican Americans, who staged a protest march through downtown Houston. "I think our community is at the end of its rope," cried

State Representative Ben Reyes. Similarly angered by the second light verdict, Prosecutor Canales last week obtained Bell's personal approval and then filed a rare legal challenge to Judge Sterling's sentence, demanding prison terms of ten years. Argued the Justice Department: "The U.S. has grave concern that the imposition of probation in this case will cause citizens of all races and backgrounds to believe that the sentence was a result of continuing inequality of treatment accorded to minorities."

The policemen's defense lawyers promptly retorted that the U.S. Attorney was "making political speeches rather than legal points." Indeed there were grounds to question Justice's actions. Technically, the only way the Justice Department could find to challenge Judge Sterling was to claim that suspension of the sentence was illegal for so serious a crime under federal law. One expert on Justice Department procedures argued: "The Houston sentence is not illegal and the department knows it isn't illegal. But there's no other way to appeal it."

The dispute over the sentence may be resolved eventually by the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals or the Supreme Court; meanwhile it gave added force to the argument that more uniform guidelines for sentencing are needed. Such guidelines are contained in the revised U.S. Criminal Code that has been approved by the

Senate and is now awaiting action in the House. Still, the new U.S. Code will have little immediate impact on the administration of local justice. Unfortunately, in Houston, which is fast acquiring an unsavory reputation for "frontier justice," there are some who believe Judge Sterling's sentences for the police officers were too harsh. After all, as one citizen noted, "A few years ago, they would have been set free."



**Federal Judge Ross N. Sterling**

## Life After 65

### Reprieve on forced retirement

**T**he U.S. last week took the bold (some say foolhardy) step of embarking on a major social experiment with little solid information on what its impact will be. President Carter signed a bill, passed overwhelmingly by both houses of Congress, that will outlaw the widespread practice of requiring workers to retire at the age of 65. Most workers will not be forced to retire solely because of age until they reach 70. Consequences of the change are so uncertain that the law itself calls for a study to assess its own effect.

The new law reflects the growing influence of the elderly. It was conceived by 77-year-old Claude Pepper, a Florida Democratic Congressman. The act will be effective beginning Jan. 1, 1979, for all workers employed by private business firms that have more than 19 employees. This means that some 70% of the national labor force will be covered. In addition, the law eliminates altogether mandatory retirement based on age for most employees of the Federal Government, a majority of whom can be forced to retire at 70 under present civil service law. Except for policemen and firemen, nearly all state and local government workers will fall under the age-70 provision.

The major exceptions to the law involve college professors who have tenure, corporation executives whose pension is \$27,000 a year or more, and workers covered by labor contracts that provide for earlier forced retirement. The latter will be covered, however, after Jan. 1, 1980.

**P**epper contends that "this portends no cataclysm of the economy." The Labor Department agrees, estimating that, over the next five years, the number of workers who will choose to work beyond age 65 will be only about 200,000—7% of the workers of that age and a mere two-tenths of 1% of the entire labor force. But while the statistical impact may prove minimal, the psychological shifts may be considerable. On the one hand, the stultifying effect on younger workers who see their careers stalled indefinitely by senior workers clinging to their jobs could hinder creativity in industry. On the other, the lifting of unwanted retirement from the horizons of experienced workers could prove both personally refreshing for those workers and a continuing source of valued labor talent for their employers.

One effect is clear: the new law will put extra pressure on bosses to decide just which aging employees they wish to keep on and which they want to remove as potential deadwood. Instead of letting retirement at 65 decide such matters, they will have to make some painful personnel choices much earlier.

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

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# Americana

## The Rich Are Different from You and Me

Beverly Hills has known more than a bit of architectural ghastliness in its day, but a new record may be in the process of being set. The imminent potential titleholder is Saudi Arabian Sheik Mohammad al-Fassi, 23, who spent \$2.4 million to purchase a sprawling, 38-room quasi-Palladian *palazzo*, originally built in 1917 for a local dairy magnate. Some \$1.5 million worth of extensive renovations later, his neighbors are agog at what the sheik hath overbrought on the city's Sunset Boulevard.

The mansion, formerly a discreet shade of white, is now a jolting mint green. A garish copper roof is being installed. On the balustrade surrounding the mansion are a dozen life-size male and female statues, some of them nude renderings of great anatomical precision. Urns filled with pink, blue and orange plastic flowers line the property's stone and wrought-iron fence. A mosque is being built next to the swimming pool. Still to come are a basement discotheque and kennel space for twelve Great Danes (although a Beverly Hills local ordinance forbids any homeowner to keep more than four dogs at a time).

Sheik al-Fassi's neighbors find it all very weird, even though some are trying to be understanding. Says one local dweller: "When people from different cultures come to Los Angeles, they may have different tastes, different styles, and their tastes may not fit in well with the tastes of the community. What am I trying to say? It just looks like hell." Or, as Beverly Hills City Councilman Richard Stone puts it, "One privilege of home ownership is the right to have lousy taste and display it."

## Abnormal Normal

Normal, Ill. (pop. 33,300), is generally a pretty peaceful and well-run place. These days, however, civic affairs are, well, abnormal. The 27 members of the local fire department went on strike last

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY SANDY HUFFAKER



## Protecting Miss Mary

This year's winter struck hard at Mary Northern, 72, who lived alone in a rundown, unheated house in Nashville. Alerted by neighbors, police took her against her will to a hospital. Miss Mary, as she is known, was found to have gangrene in both her frostbitten feet. Surgeons recommended amputation. Miss Mary refused.

Tennessee welfare workers petitioned for the operation over her protest. Her court-appointed lawyer resisted. The case went to the U.S. Supreme Court. Eventually, believing Miss Mary to be near death, the courts gave permission for the surgery. It was not needed. Miss Mary had developed pneumonia, and the antibiotics used to help her had also halted the gangrene.

Under Tennessee's well-meaning law, Miss Mary is now liable for the costs of the suit brought, against her wishes, to have her feet cut off. Her only asset, beyond meager Social Security benefits, is her house, appraised by tax collectors at only \$16,000 but located in a Nashville commercial district. A court hearing is scheduled for this week on whether to force her to sell the house to pay for having been protected.

month, and Circuit Judge William Caisley ordered them to go back to work on the grounds that their strike constituted "an immediate impediment and detriment to the health, safety and welfare of the people of Normal." The firemen adamantly refused. The determined judge thereupon began handing out jail sentences for contempt of court to 22 of them. Only the four members of the firemen's negotiating committee are actually in jail full time, however. The other 18 firemen spend 24 hours in jail, then 24 hours under police guard in the city firehouse. Since the in-again, out-again fire fighters are on duty in two shifts, they have managed to cope quite handily with the few small fires that have broken out since the imbroglio began in Normal.

## A Case of Oenophobia

Wichita has 15 cases of fine wine, and no one can yet touch a drop of it.

Officials in Orléans, France, have maintained a sister-city relationship with Wichita ever since soldiers from the Kansas city helped to liberate Orléans in World War II. This year the *Orléanais* shipped a collection of art to Wichita, to be exhibited next month. Along with the art went 15 cases of Vouvray Mousseux 1976 to be consumed when an official delegation arrives to open the art show.

Under Kansas law, however, two taxes must be paid on alcohol, a gallonage tax by the wholesaler and an enforcement tax by the consumer. Since the city is neither a wholesaler nor consumer, it cannot pay these taxes, which would total roughly \$100. Besides, the law forbids cities to pay taxes on liquor. No wholesaler can accept delivery for the city because the Vouvray is not on the list of wines approved for sale in Kansas.

The wine is officially considered contraband and is now locked up under bond. At week's end, plans were being made to ship it to the officers' club at Wichita's McConnell Air Force Base. Since that institution is not subject to state liquor laws, the wine could legally be consumed there, perhaps at a party on the base runway. The catch is that guests would have to drive there from the art exhibit, which is set up 20 miles away.



## Spooks Wanted

If evidence were needed that a new day has dawned for the CIA, there it was: a Help Wanted ad in the business and finance section of the *New York Times*. The agency was interested in applicants with a "keen interest in international affairs," "foreign language aptitude," and "desire and ability to serve overseas." Women and minorities were "encouraged to apply." Starting salary: \$13,662 to \$16,618. Just what exactly is the job slot the agency is trying to fill? Surprise. Despite its firing of some 260 members of the cloak-and-dagger Directorate of Operations division since last fall, the CIA is recruiting new spies.



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## Time Essay

# Mythologizing the Panama Canal

Getting the first Panama Canal treaty through the Senate last month was roughly the equivalent of putting a big tanker through the waterway: there was no room to spare. The second treaty, providing for the gradual transfer of authority to Panama by the year 2000, is expected to have an equally narrow passage when it comes up for a vote on April 18. Opponents of the treaty have intensified their pressure on wavering Senators, and a defeat of the second treaty would force renegotiation of the entire agreement, with potentially explosive consequences. Seldom, in fact, has a project that is so clearly in the national interest faced such a desperate fight for approval.

The opposition to the treaty is a curious mixture of cynicism and conviction. After a period of many setbacks overseas, Americans have been in no mood to accept what seemed to be another reversal. Moreover, the canal is fixed in the popular imagination as a memorable achievement of American vigor and know-how. Why, people asked, should it be given away under any circumstances? There were reasonable answers to such a question, but they were not provided by the superpatriots of the hardcore right wing, who thought they had a sure-fire issue and promptly started to exploit it. Their lavishly financed propaganda barrage has often made a hash of the facts. Many people have been led to believe that the treaty constitutes some kind of massive giveaway that will leave the esteemed and still vital waterway in the clutches of rapacious crypto-Communists who will thereupon thumb their noses at the helpless giant to their north. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The pact profoundly commits the U.S. to the defense of the canal from here to eternity. Until 2000, the U.S. maintains control of the waterway; at the turn of the century, Panama takes over, but the U.S. has the right to keep the canal open and functioning. Indeed this provision has been strengthened because of the doubts among treaty opponents. Responding to their pressure, the White House accepted two reservations that clearly state that the U.S. can send troops into Panama to protect the canal if it is shut down for virtually any reason.

The treaty, in fact, gives the sanction of law to U.S. intervention if the need arises. This provision has been made so explicit by the reservations that Panama now has sent a letter to other Latin American nations suggesting that it may not be able to accept the treaty in its present form. Rather tolerant through all the tumultuous and sometimes insulting Senate debate, Panamanians have been pushed close to their limits; and there are, after all, two parties to the treaty.

The second Senate vote does not come at the best of times. The Soviet Union is rapidly building up its armaments and brazenly sending its Cuban allies into Africa to stir up trouble and challenge American interests. Many treaty supporters, including Senator Henry Jackson, are understandably concerned that a ceding of the canal may be interpreted as another American retreat. But the U.S. is hardly backing down from a Soviet threat; it is rising to the occasion of settling a dispute with an ally. If it is a sign of weakness to capitulate to an enemy, it may well be an indication of strength to make timely concessions to a friend.

In the fulminations of the critics, Panama has been mythologized into a nation of peasants lusting to get their hands

on the Canal Zone as soon as the U.S. relinquishes it. Panama, in fact, contains a substantial, sophisticated, much-traveled business community with close ties to the U.S. Its leaders are just as determined as anyone to gain control of the waterway that divides their country in two. For them, it is a matter of national and indeed group pride. They feel they are perfectly capable of running the canal; it is a role for which they have been groomed in their dealings with the U.S. Approval of the treaty would probably strengthen their position in Panama, since the left wing would no longer be able to campaign effectively on a program to seize the canal. It is no accident that the opposition to the treaty is as intense among the left in Latin America as it is among the right in the U.S.

When treaty supporters make these facts known to their constituents, they find that opposition often melts away. As the issues have been clarified, the public has turned around in its opinion. Sentiment against the treaty is as strong in Arizona as anywhere in the nation, yet when Democratic Senator Dennis

DeConcini went home over the Easter recess, he discovered that the "reaction was not nearly as hostile as I expected. I found pretty good acceptance." Since he had sponsored one of the two reservations sharpening the treaty's language, he could legitimately boast that he had improved the pact. When he got a phone call from Jimmy Carter in Nigeria asking for his vote on the second treaty, DeConcini replied that he would have a reservation or two to offer. Said the President: "My door is open."

Another last-minute convert to the treaty, Montana's Democratic Senator Paul Hatfield, ran into heavier flak among his constituents. He is particularly vulnerable because he was appointed to the Senate last January and is up for election in the fall. When a fellow Senator remarked to Hatfield's wife

Dorothy Ann that her husband was at least getting a lot of publicity from his ordeal, she snapped, "So did the Los Angeles strangler." Nonetheless, Hatfield has learned that independence has its rewards. Elden Curtiss, the Roman Catholic Bishop of western Montana, publicly endorsed Hatfield's vote as "courageous." A bit belatedly, the President also called Hatfield from Nigeria to express his thanks for the vote that put the first treaty over.

Anxiety about the second vote raises anew the problem that confronted the great British Statesman Edmund Burke when he was elected to Parliament. In a speech to his Bristol constituents, he recognized that it was "his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions to theirs." But he went on to say: "Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion." On grounds of judgment alone, the Panama Canal treaty would probably have easily been approved long ago. Without pressure from their constituents, a sufficient number of Senators would doubtless have voted for the pact. Perhaps Senators would show more respect for their constituents by assuming that they, too, can understand the merits of the case if it is properly explained to them. By supporting the treaty at a time when leadership is urgently needed, the Senators under the sharpest attack may look back on this episode with considerable pride.

—Edwin Warner

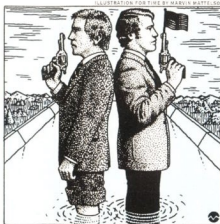


ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY MARTIN WATTEL

AFRICA

# U.S. Policy Under Attack

*Critics charge the Administration with being rigid and unrealistic*

**"I** love the rhetoric. Keep it coming. Meanwhile, we're all waiting for the action." So said one African diplomat in Nairobi last week, acidly summing up the reaction of many of his colleagues to Jimmy Carter's three-day visit to the continent and to the President's keynote speech in Lagos. In that well-intentioned address from the Nigerian capital, Carter called for a fair and peaceful transmission of power from the governing white minorities in south-

of avoiding a protracted civil war remains the Anglo-American proposals. Both Smith's Salisbury agreement and the Anglo-American plan predicate eventual black-majority rule. The difference is that Washington and London—neither of which really trusts Smith's assurances of positive transition—would step in under their proposal to supervise such essential instruments of government as police, courts and army.

In Washington as well as in many Af-

any government the guerrillas might construct." To gain, in effect, revolutionary credentials, the President appeared to be holding Salisbury "to lofty moral and political standards, while often appearing to wink at the failings of the Popular Front."

In South Africa, there is criticism of U.S. policy from some who might be most expected to support it. "Even those who once sympathized with Washington's concern over black conditions and rights are dismayed," reports TIME Johannesburg



Secretary of State Cyrus Vance



Black nationalist guerrilla on a mission inside Rhodesia

*It is a firmly held premise in Washington that Ian Smith's internal settlement is a prescription for civil war.*

ern Africa to black majorities; at the same time he issued a tough warning against the growing Cuban and Soviet presence in Africa. To the dismay of Administration officials, the speech got a lukewarm reception from many of the listeners for whom it was intended. Even South Africa's leading black paper, the Johannesburg *Post*, buried the story on an inside page and did not bother to make an editorial comment.

This week the Administration is attempting to move beyond words to concrete action. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance flies off to Africa for a series of meetings with parties directly involved in the unsolved Rhodesian crisis. His basic goal: to convince the Presidents of the so-called front-line states, the two key black nationalists who head the Patriotic Front, and the black leaders who have accepted Prime Minister Ian Smith's internal settlement for Rhodesia that the main hope

of avoiding a protracted civil war remains the Anglo-American proposals. Both Smith's Salisbury agreement and the Anglo-American plan predicate eventual black-majority rule. The difference is that Washington and London—neither of which really trusts Smith's assurances of positive transition—would step in under their proposal to supervise such essential instruments of government as police, courts and army.

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any government the guerrillas might construct." To gain, in effect, revolutionary credentials, the President appeared to be holding Salisbury "to lofty moral and political standards, while often appearing to wink at the failings of the Popular Front."

In South Africa, there is criticism of U.S. policy from some who might be most expected to support it. "Even those who once sympathized with Washington's concern over black conditions and rights are dismayed," reports TIME Johannesburg

ern Africa to black majorities; at the same time he issued a tough warning against the growing Cuban and Soviet presence in Africa. To the dismay of Administration officials, the speech got a lukewarm reception from many of the listeners for whom it was intended. Even South Africa's leading black paper, the Johannesburg *Post*, buried the story on an inside page and did not bother to make an editorial comment.

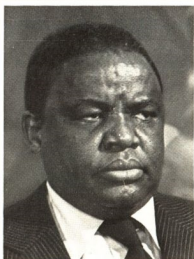
This week the Administration is attempting to move beyond words to concrete action. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance flies off to Africa for a series of meetings with parties directly involved in the unsolved Rhodesian crisis. His basic goal: to convince the Presidents of the so-called front-line states, the two key black nationalists who head the Patriotic Front, and the black leaders who have accepted Prime Minister Ian Smith's internal settlement for Rhodesia that the main hope

ican capitals Carter's policy toward the continent, and particularly toward the treacherous problems of southern Africa, has come under attack. "Our foreign policy as it applies to Africa is in total shambles," says Illinois Congressman Edward Derwinski of the House International Relations Committee. "As usual, it's too little too late." In a trenchant editorial on the President's Lagos speech, the Washington *Post* accused Carter of succumbing to Nigeria's "uncomplicated fervor" for a guerrilla victory by the Patriotic Front forces, headed by Joshua Nkomo of Z.A.P.U. (Zimbabwe African People's Union) and Robert Mugabe of Z.A.N.U. (Zimbabwe African National Union). Meanwhile, the Nigerian joint communiqué failed to mention any progress achieved from Smith's internal settlement, which the *Post* called "more democratic, moderate and multiracial than

Bureau Chief William McWhirter. "Many young blacks in South Africa, who believe that Washington's way offers no solution at all, are turning instead to the growing influence of Cuba and the Soviet Union. It was only three years ago, during their lightning advance across Angola, that Zambia's anxious President Kenneth Kaunda rushed to confer with Prime Minister John Vorster, describing the Communists as the 'plundering tigers of Africa.' What are those same tigers now doing right? Nothing very different. But at least they are candid about their own self-interest and know when to hand out the arms and shut up."

The Administration's basic problem, the critics charge, is that its rhetoric does not seem to encompass the realities of African politics. White South Africans, particularly, feel that U.S. moral judgments are hypocritical and based on a double





The Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole

standard—an argument that helped Vorster win a huge majority in last fall's national elections. A case in point: Carter in Lagos criticized injustice in South Africa but made no mention of the fact that Nigeria is a tough military dictatorship; criminals are regularly executed every Saturday on the Lagos beach. As the Afrikaner newspaper *Beeld* put it: "Morality is binding universally or not at all." On Rhodesia, the South Africans feel that Washington has made a number of strategic errors, initially by failing to use enough persuasive force on the Patriotic Front leaders to make some kind of deal with Smith, and then by trying to undercut the internal settlement as the basis for further negotiations.

Another sore point for the South Africans is Namibia. Carter referred to South Africa's intransigence in his Lagos speech, but failed to mention that the Marxist SWAPO (South West African People's Organization) has also rejected a settlement plan put forward by five Western

powers. Carter only regretted, and did not condemn, the cold-blooded murder of Herero Chief Clemens Kapuuo, who almost certainly was the victim of a SWAPO assassination campaign directed against moderate black Namibians. One famous South African, Heart Surgeon Christiaan Barnard, charges that Washington refuses to accept admittedly imperfect internal settlements in Namibia as well as Rhodesia, even though the U.S. acquiesced to naked Marxist takeovers in Angola and Mozambique. "It is not majority rule that Carter is asking for," Barnard says, "it is black rule by pre-selected majority."

The critique by black Africa is different but also pointed. Reports TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief David Wood: "The days of the ugly American may be over, as Carter said in Lagos, but some Africans feel that they are being given a superficial, kiss-off kind of attention, a razzle-dazzle diplomacy begun by Henry Kissinger and continued by Andy Young."

As examples of this once-over-lightly



Prime Minister Ian Smith

approach, the Africans cite Angola, where Washington missed an opportunity to enter a crumbling colonial situation on the side of guerrillas who at that time were outside the Marxist orbit. In the Horn of Africa, critics charge, the U.S. was apparently the last to know that Somalia was planning an invasion of Ethiopia's Ogaden region, thereby helping to create an opening for Moscow in Addis Ababa. In Rhodesia, Washington failed to put sufficient pressure on either the Patriotic Front or the Smith regime to achieve a settlement at a time when Smith desperately needed to make a better deal with Nkomo than the one he subsequently offered to Bishop Abel Muzorewa and the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole.

Finally, Carter turned off much of his African audience in Lagos by mixing an appeal for human rights with a warning against the Cuban influence. As the black Africans readily understand, every member of the United Nations has the right to ask for foreign military assistance, which



Bishop Abel Muzorewa

the U.S. has often provided to clients of its own choosing—notably Kenya, Sudan and Zaïre. Many black Africans fear that the U.S. is unable to distinguish between Communist-backed but legitimate liberation groups and committed Marxist revolutionary movements. Asks one Mozambican leader: "What are you Americans fighting here anyway—Cubans or white supremacists? We ask you for arms because we are fighting for majority rule, and you turn us down. Now we are fighting for majority rule with Communist guns, and you are still turning us down."

In answer, Administration officials argue that too often in the past the U.S. has ended up on the losing side of liberation struggles and that its belated courting of black African opinion makes good economic as well as political sense. U.S. trade with Nigeria, as Ambassador Young frequently points out, already exceeds that with South Africa. The Administration's policy is based on the firmly held premise that whether or not Washington supports



Zanu Leader Robert Mugabe



Zapu Leader Joshua Nkomo

it. Smith's internal settlement is a prescription for civil war.

"There's a tragic choice here," says Richard Moose, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs. "I can understand those people who look at this situation and say, 'Here is Smith (whose history and track record perhaps they don't understand) offering genuine majority rule. Here are those moderate leaders on the inside who are willing to join with him. Here are these people on the outside whom we see as Communists (because they are taking Soviet aid). So let's cast our lot with the Salisbury talkers, because, after all, they represent moderation, stability and respect for white rights.'"

"The trouble with that argument is that at the end of the road we will have a situation in which Smith and the internal nationalists are on one side, supported by the South Africans and ourselves, and on the other side are the rest of the African countries, and most of the ex-colonial world, supported by the Russians and Cubans. It would be a dreadful conflict." The key to avoiding such a conflict, Moose maintains, lies in an evenhanded approach to the transition. "Whether the transfer of power is resolved politically or militarily," he says, "will have an enormous impact on the whole region; it will determine whether we'll have a southern Africa in turmoil."

**M**oose denies that the U.S. is leaning toward the Patriotic Front. "That's a fundamental misinterpretation of our policy. We have no special brief for the Patriotic Front. Our concern for an 'all-inclusive' process should not be misinterpreted as partisanship. Our objective is to secure the earliest genuine transfer of power in a manner that allows a free expression of political will and an outcome that, insofar as possible, will assure the rights of all the Zimbabwe people." Washington thus shares the view of the front-line leaders and the Patriotic Front that Smith's internal settlement is a clever form of tokenism that, in effect, ensures continuing white control of the military, the judiciary and the bureaucracy, even if a black Prime Minister is installed after elections.

The Administration is probably correct in assuming that any Rhodesian settlement that does not guarantee true majority rule is doomed in African eyes. Civil war, moreover, is all but inevitable unless the popular Nkomo is brought into a new Zimbabwe government. If it backed the internal settlement, the U.S. could face the Hobson's choice of impotent neutrality in the event of a civil war or lonely support for a regime denounced by almost all of Africa and already stigmatized in American documents as "illegitimate." The big question—for which Cy Vance will seek the answer on his forthcoming African mission—is whether it is too late to sell all of Rhodesia's nationalist factions on a reasonable alternative. ■

## Qoboza—a Role for the U.S.

*South Africa's leading black journalist, Percy Qoboza, 40, recently spent five months in prison for his political convictions; nonetheless, he remains a man of moderation who prefers reconciliation to violence. Although there is growing resentment among radicalized blacks of foreign support for the Pretoria regime, Qoboza argues that the U.S. can still exert helpful pressure on South Africa—primarily through U.S. corporations that do business there—in such a way that his country would not become further isolated and its white population more deeply antagonized. Qoboza, whose crusading black-oriented daily The World was suppressed at the time of his arrest, is now editor of a new journal, the Johannesburg Post. Last week, at TIME's behest, he offered this view of what the U.S. can and should do about South Africa today:*

**I**f the international community is going to play any meaningful role in assisting this country to become a just society, it must bear in mind that the level of resistance among the Afrikaners will rise sharply if external pressure should be mounted against them. The temptation to dictate specific solutions to South Africa must be avoided. Whatever pressure is exerted must be directed simply toward bringing all parties together around a conference table.

The Afrikaner suffers from an acute persecution complex. He believes his ex-

SHAW DOHERTY



Qoboza after his release from detention

*Prayer for a dream to become reality.*

istence is threatened and that there is a worldwide conspiracy, piloted by the forces of international Communism, which has as its main objective to drive him into the sea. Therefore, his sensitivity must always be borne in mind, and he must be left with ample space in which to maneuver with dignity. Driven into a corner, the Afrikaner will take up arms and will leave a trail of destruction all along the way. What is more, he will leave this country in chaos and ruin.

A bloody racial confrontation is what we are all battling to avoid, and I believe deep in my heart that we can succeed. It is clear that my own people will not be satisfied with crumbs from the tables of the privileged classes. They will want full participation in the decision-making processes of their country. There is, however, the temptation in the minds of many people to believe that the situation is so hopeless that violence is inevitable.

We must resist this view with all our might. We must refuse to surrender to this sense of hopelessness.

To impose economic sanctions on South Africa would be to acknowledge total abandonment of a peaceful and negotiated settlement. What is more, the creation of economic chaos here would expedite the very thing we are all trying desperately to avoid: a bloody racial confrontation.

There are other, less dangerous but effective ways in which pressure can be brought to bear. The Administration can play a crucial role in accelerating the processes of change by increasing pressure on the U.S. corporations operating in South Africa. They must be compelled to play a far more active role in helping to remove the walls of discrimination in our country. Far too many of these corporations have spoken some very good words but continue to drag their feet when it comes to meeting their obligations, seemingly content to reap the profits extended to them by a system that exploits the majority of the country's people.

If this global pressure can be brought to bear on South Africa, you will have played a responsible and creative role in averting a major disaster. What is more, you will have helped South Africans to find each other. Perhaps in time this country could become a shining example of brotherhood among the races and could play a decisive role in eradicating the true enemies of man in Africa—ignorance, disease and hunger. This is a dream many of us have. It is this dream that has brought us into conflict with the government, but a dream nevertheless that we pray will one day become a reality.

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It's an enormously difficult and expensive operation. So far, we've spent \$45 million and we estimate we'll have to spend about another \$147 million before the field is depleted. And it's just one of the many ways we're working hard to meet your energy needs for the future.



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## World

FRANCE

### Chaban's Return

*And Giscard presents some not-so-new faces*

In a masterly television address to the nation after the center-right's stunning electoral victory last month, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing vowed to take into account the desires of the 48.4% who had voted for the left. Specifically, he promised that his Cabinet would contain some new faces who would symbolize the need for social reform in France. But when Giscard unveiled his Cabinet last week, 25 of the 38 senior and junior ministers were old, familiar countenances.

Of the 20 senior ministers named by Giscard, 15 had sat in the previous government. Among those remaining in place: Premier Raymond Barre, who had been appointed the previous week; Justice Minister Alain Peyrefitte, author of the bestselling *Le Mal Français* (The French Sickness); Health Minister Simone Veil, whom polls have shown to be the most popular figure in French politics; Interior Minister Christian Bonnet, who has been widely praised for his department's skill in negotiating the release of kidnapped Belgian Baron Edouard-Jean Empain (TIME, April 10).

The five senior ministers who were not in the previous government scarcely qualified as fresh. The new Minister of Industry, for example, is André Giraud, 53, who has been chief of France's Atomic Energy Commission since 1970. Transportation Minister Joël Le Theule, 48, held a ministerial post under De Gaulle, while Culture and Communications Minister Jean-Philippe

Lecat, 42, was a familiar figure at the Elysée Palace as Giscard's spokesman.

The most noteworthy changes in Giscard's new government involved structure rather than personalities. The powerful Finance Ministry, long criticized as a state within a state, was divided into two parts—budget and economy—just as the Socialists and Communists had advocated. Two moves reinforced Giscard's pledges of social reform. One was the creation of a large Ministry of Environment and Standard of Living. The other was the elevation of Health Minister Veil from 14th- to third-ranking member of the Cabinet, behind Barre and Peyrefitte. In all, Giscard's promised "opening" to the left looked to some critics more like an "opening to the past" (as the Communist daily *L'Humanité* put it).

Meanwhile discord erupted at the opening of the newly elected National Assembly last week. At issue was the job of President of the Assembly—a post roughly equivalent to Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives. Traditionally, the position should have gone to the chosen candidate of the Assembly's leading political party—in this case, the Gaullists, who won 25 more seats in parliament than Giscard's *Union pour la Démocratie Française*. Instead, there was a dramatic contest over the presidency involving Gaullist Leader Jacques Chirac and Giscard. Chirac's candidate, incumbent Assembly President Edgar Faure, 69, was pitted against Giscard's unavowed but clear choice, Jacques Chaban-Delmas, 63. Although Chirac instructed his Gaullist Assembly members to vote for Faure, at least twelve of them defected, thus giving Chaban victory. Chirac, who still hopes to become President of the Republic when Giscard's term expires in 1981, suffered a

severe setback. The Gaullist leader had been clearly outmaneuvered by the canny Giscard, whose authority appeared to be greatly strengthened.

Few politicians expected Chaban's comeback. He had held the National Assembly presidency for more than a decade before becoming Premier under President Georges Pompidou in 1969. Unceremoniously dumped by Pompidou after newspapers disclosed that he had, legally, paid no income tax for four consecutive years, he retired from national politics as mayor of Bordeaux. A proponent of the social reforms backed by Giscard, he can now offer substantial help by mustering parliamentary support behind the presidential policies. Chaban shares Giscard's vision of a France in which the left-right polarization that has divided the country for so long could be replaced by government by consensus. Sounding much like Giscard himself last week, Chaban told the National Assembly: "I return in the same spirit that makes human relations rest on honesty, mutual respect and tolerance."

ITALY

### A Further Plea

*"I feel somewhat abandoned"*

Premier Giulio Andreotti had just concluded his first complete report on the kidnapping of Christian Democratic Leader Aldo Moro to a tense and packed Chamber of Deputies. Despite Moro's letter of the week before, suggesting authorities bargain with the terrorists of the Red Brigades for his release, the government would reject any attempt at extortion by the kidnappers, said Andreotti, and stood firmly against negotiations. Suddenly Benigno Zaccagnini, secretary of the ruling Christian Democrats, was handed a sealed message. Zaccagnini hurried out of the chamber. A few moments later Ugo La Malfa, leader of the centrist Republicans, told the astonished deputies that the message was a new letter from Moro.

The timing of the missive, obviously designed to upstage the parliamentary debate, once again demonstrated the terrorists' skill at holding the country hostage to their game of psychological suspense. Said one police official grudgingly: "The Red Brigades' sense of stage direction is perfect." But if the underlying goal of Moro's ultra-leftist kidnappers was to sabotage Italy's democratic process and its tenuous political balance, they had failed, at least so far. The effect of the new challenge was a closing of ranks behind the government's position.

The letter to Zaccagnini, like the one sent the week before to Interior Minister Francesco Cossiga, was handwritten. In his earlier message Moro wrote that he feared he would be forced to disclose official secrets harmful to the government. This time he plaintively accused his col-



Chaban-Delmas and Wife Micheline leaving Assembly after his election

*"It was a curious way of beginning cohabitation."*



There are four stages in the life of every grass plant where its future could be in doubt. And the seed you put down in the first place generally makes the difference. Chiefly, it depends on the seed's heritage and the condition it's in.

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The heart of our Family mixture is *Victa* Kentucky bluegrass. It's a hardy, disease and drought resistant plant. We tried some 5000 different bluegrass strains to find *Victa*. And we grew *Victa* on our research farms for 12 years just to be sure of it.

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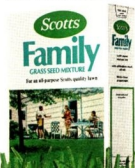
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First practical light bulb came from Edison Electric Light Co. — the start of GE. Founded 1878.

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It isn't surprising, then, that GE has been such an important company in lighting throughout the years. In streetlighting, GE came up with one improvement after another in incandescent lights. In practical fluorescents. In mercury vapor lights. And now Lucalox lights.



The first public demonstrations of Edison's bulb in 1879, Menlo Park, New Jersey, included streetlighting.

These developments didn't come easy. But then technical progress never does. As problems of lighting have been solved, so too, GE believes other problems will be. Energy, pollution, transportation. Problems as important as crime in the streets.



An 1885 streetlighting idea from GE: huge arc lights as high as 20 stories.

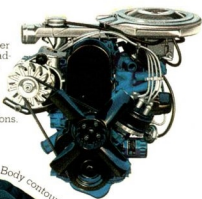
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You know how it is. A couple hundred dollars a month gets you half a room and three roommates. All the quarters pumped into the washer only give you pink sheets. And Friday night's \$6.00 pizza feeds you. Just you.

These days you just don't get much for your money.

Well, the new '78 Chevy Chevette changes all that. Because even with 18 new standard

features (except Scooter), many of them shown here, this year's Chevette 2-Door Hatchback has a manufacturer's suggested retail price that's less than what last year's would have been with the same

equipment (except Scooter). Even without Econ 101, you know that's a whole lot of car for the money.

Why not stop in at your Chevy dealer soon and check out the new Chevette?

You'll find a lot more for a lot less. And when's the last time anyone else made you an offer like that?



2-Door Chevette Hatchback

**CHEVY CHEVETTE. A LOT MORE CAR FOR A LOT LESS MONEY.**





## World

leagues of forsaking him. Pleading for "realism," he argued that "the only possible positive solution" was "the liberation of prisoners on both sides. Time is running out fast." He concluded: "In truth, I feel somewhat abandoned by all of you."

As before, the letter failed to make any specific demands on behalf of Moro's kidnapers. But there was some hope that a ransom deal that did not involve the Christian Democratic Party or the government might be worked out privately. Such a move would have a precedent. When the son of former Socialist Party Leader Francesco de Martino was kid-

napped in Naples last year, his release was secured with a reported ransom of \$880,000, raised by wealthy party backers and a subscription among the membership. The main difference is that the De Martino kidnapping turned out to be the work of common criminals, while the Red Brigades have shown less interest in ransom money than in fomenting terror and mocking police efforts to capture them. At week's end, even as the trial of 15 Red Brigades defendants continued in Turin, a leading industrialist in Genoa was wounded by two gunmen on his way to work. A man saying he was from the Red Brigades

claimed responsibility for the ambush in a phone call to a newspaper.

Meanwhile Pope Paul VI, a longtime friend of Moro's, made a direct personal appeal for his release. But in his usual Sunday-morning blessing to the crowd in St. Peter's Square, the Pope denied that he had "any particular indications" about what he called this "painful affair," thereby refuting rumors that Vatican officials had been in secret contact with the kidnapers. Pleaded His Holiness: "To the unknown authors of the terrifying plot, we address a pressing appeal to implore them to give the prisoner his liberty." ■

### HUMAN RIGHTS

## The Strange Case of Johnny Harris

*Moscow creates a new "civil rights" martyr*

**P**rotests are mounting on the entire planet against the U.S. court's disgraceful sentencing of Johnny Harris on a fabricated charge," declared Tass. According to the Soviet news agency, a peasant from the South Russian region of Krasnodar described Harris' fate as "tantamount to a lynching!" As for the president of Outer Mongolian State University, he concluded that the Harris case proves American justice "is not worth a rap." From the frozen taiga of Siberian Yakutia came the informed opinion of Farm Worker I. Volkov that Harris' trial was "a gross violation of the Helsinki agreement." According to Oil Worker A. Pamuratov in Tashkent, Harris was convicted "solely because of his dark skin." In sum, concluded Tass last week, "the Soviet people resolutely demand a halt to the execution of Johnny Harris—a fighter for the civil rights of black Americans."

Johnny who? Even many civil rights activists in the U.S. would be puzzled by the Soviet press campaign on behalf of a "new Martin Luther King" who was on the verge of becoming a martyr of American racist injustice. A native of Birmingham, Harris, 32, seems an improbable choice as a hero. In 1974 he was serving five consecutive life sentences for robbery and rape. Then, during a riot at Fountain Correctional Center at Atmore, Ala., Harris killed a white guard by stabbing him 27 times with a homemade knife. At his 1975 trial, Harris was sentenced to death under a rarely used 1864 Alabama statute that mandates execution of a defendant found guilty of first-degree murder while serving a life sentence. Harris' lawyer has stated that the trial prosecutor would not

have asked for the death penalty had the defendant been white or the guard black." There is no evidence, however, that Harris, who was first convicted of burglary when he was 16, has ever been a fighter for civil or human rights. He was condemned to die in the electric chair on March 10, but a Mobile, Ala., district judge issued a last-minute 60-day stay of execution.

The timing of that scheduled execution helps explain the Soviets' sudden es-

"Amnesty International has also taken up Harris' cause because the London-based organization is opposed to capital punishment.

pousal of the Harris case. It coincided with the end of the Belgrade Conference on European Security and Cooperation on March 9. On that day, the U.S.S.R. managed to suppress any mention of human rights in the final document produced by the conferees, even though the 35-nation meeting had been called to review compliance with the 1975 Helsinki accords, including its human rights provisions. The Russians evidently seized on the case of Johnny Harris as a convenient riposte.

**T**he Harris case diatribes becloud the Kremlin's stepped-up persecution of human rights activists in the U.S.S.R. The KGB's main target: small groups of dissidents who monitor Soviet compliance with the Helsinki agreements on human rights. In the past 14 months 22 members of these groups have been arrested.

Among the most notable are Physicist Yuri Orlov and Writer Alexander Ginzburg, who are charged with "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda." Computer Specialist Anatoli Shcharansky is accused of treason.

Grigori Goldstein, 46, and Pyotr Vins, 21, members of Helsinki watch groups in Georgia and the Ukraine, have been sentenced to one year in concentration camps for "malicious evasion of socially useful labor." Leaders of a similar group in Kiev, Engineer Myroslav Marinovych, 28, and Historian Mykola Matusevych, 30, have been sentenced to seven years in jail plus five years of internal exile for "anti-Soviet agitation."

One irony of the Soviet press campaign on behalf of Harris is Moscow's professed horror that he faces the death penalty. In the Soviet Union, people found guilty of such crimes as bribery, graft and theft of state property are sometimes executed by firing squad. Last month, one A.G. Metlushko was sentenced to death in Byelorussia for a series of armed assaults—crimes for which Johnny Harris got life. ■



Guards escort Johnny Harris to hearing in Alabama courthouse

*Protests from a peasant, president and Siberian farm worker.*

## World

BRITAIN

### Margaret + Roddy = Royal Furor

*The princess's reputation was ailing*



Margaret, sniffing, on royal duty

It was not a good week for Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret, 47, Deputy Colonel in Chief of the Royal Anglian Regiment, Colonel in Chief of the Royal Highland Fusiliers and, among other things, president of the English Folk Dance and Song Society. Suffering from flu, the princess lay ill abed at Windsor Castle, where the royal family had assembled for an extended Easter holiday. There, according to well-placed reports, Queen Elizabeth II had a serious talk with her younger sister about Margaret's swinging life-style. Reason: the princess's reputation, as well as her health, was ailing. Not only was her name being splashed luridly and critically across the headlines of British tabloids, but her government allowance was also under attack, as a result of a flamboyant four-year relationship with Roderick (Roddy) Llewellyn, 30, a sometime disco owner, occasional landscape gardener, and would-be pop singer.

Along with other members of the royal family, Margaret was due for a raise by means of the "civil list," which was taken under consideration by Parliament last week. In all, the Labor government announced a 9.2% increase in the allotment for the royal family, raising the total to \$5,290,000, with most of the money going to the Queen. How much of the increase was Margaret's only the Prime Minister and the Royal Exchequer knew, but her raise was estimated at about \$10,000, which would bring her annual salary to around \$110,000. Parliamentary anti-royalists were unhappy about that. Said Laborite M.P. Willie Hamilton, Commons' most vigorous monarchy baiter: "If any of the increase goes to Margaret, there will be nationwide outrage." Hamilton demanded that each of the royals on the civil list be hailed before a parliamentary select committee to justify the stipends.

The public controversy over Margaret's behavior was a field day for London's popular press. The Sunday *News of the World* bluntly asked its readers: "Do you think Princess Margaret gives us value for our money?" (Three out of four readers answered no.) Even some traditional supporters of the royal family were critical of Margaret and her relationship with Roddy. "I consider Princess Margaret to have completely let the side down," complained one saddened letter writer to the pro-Tory *Evening Standard*. Declared the Bishop of Truro, Graham Leonard: "If you accept the public life, you must accept a severe restriction on your personal conduct." After some of his fellow clergymen complained that he had been a bit too explicit, Leonard said that he was merely praying that Margaret "should be given the strength to make the right judgment."

The principal complaint against Margaret is that she has embarrassed the royal family by carrying on a more or less open dalliance with a younger man, without seeking a divorce from her estranged husband, Lord Snowdon; the two have been separated since March 1976. The princess first met Roddy in 1974 at a house party in Scotland. As her marriage to Snowdon cooled, Roddy began making ever more frequent visits to Kensington Palace, Margaret's London home. Later the princess and her new companion made a series of unchaperoned holiday visits, without her two children, to the languid Caribbean isle of Mustique. Last month, on the fourth such idyl, the couple were photographed together for the first time upon arriving. On Mustique, Roddy was stricken with a bleeding ulcer and rushed to a hospital in nearby Barbados. Margaret hovered anxiously at his bedside. When Llewellyn returned home, he committed the ultimate indiscretion—in royal circles—of talking directly to newsmen about the lady he coyly calls "P.M.": "Let them all criticize. I don't mind. I would like to see them do all her jobs in the wonderful way that she does. It's the most difficult job in the world."

In fact, one of the complaints about Margaret is that she has been so busy with Roddy that she has not been doing her job all that well lately. Last year she attended only 86 of the civic, cultural or charitable functions that protocol requires her to attend, compared with an average of 115 in the years before her marriage crumbled. So far in 1978 she has made only twelve royal appearances, although her schedule suddenly became busier after Elizabeth's talk at Windsor Castle. Before the flu hit her last week, the princess was due in Edinburgh to attend the annual meeting of the Scottish Children's League, followed by the annual meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

While critics insist that Margaret should either shape up or retire completely to private life (meaning off the public dole), the princess also has some sympathetic defenders. Columnist Peregrine Worsthorne of the *Daily Telegraph*, a staunch monarchist, insists that "royal black sheep there are bound to be" and argues that it is no crime for a Windsor woman to admire younger men, particularly in England's second Elizabethan age. "Admittedly," adds Worsthorne in afterthought, "Roddy Llewellyn is no Essex or Walter Raleigh, but then she herself is no virgin queen." The princess's defenders also recall Margaret's pathetic trauma of 1955, when she was forced to



Roddy, playing, at recording studio  
*Neither an Essex nor a virgin queen.*

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## World

end her much publicized romance with R.A.F. Group Captain Peter Townsend.

At week's end sources close to the Crown were whispering that Margaret had decided not to relinquish her regal duties, in order to keep her regal perks. Thus the burning question was whether or not she would relinquish Roddy, in the face of public criticism. Chances were that the answer would be no. The princess, after all, had family precedent on her side. When her great-grandfather King Edward VII was Prince of Wales, he had numerous well-publicized liaisons while he waited for Queen Victoria to surrender the throne. ■

## Football Fanimals

*Hooliganism wreaks havoc with soccer*

At London's Upton Park, the Chelsea goalie lay bleeding and unconscious after being accidentally kicked in the head by a West Ham forward. "Let's have another one!" screamed the West Ham fans. Sporadic fights broke out in the stands, and 147 people were either arrested or ejected from the arena. At Millwall, in East London, 32 manic rooters for the home club were jailed in the wake of a mid-game brawl that left 45 injured, including eleven policemen. Returning to England after watching their team lose to a West German squad, Liverpool partisans looted a duty-free shop on the Channel ferry. After landing at Folkestone, they proceeded to ransack the special train that carried them the rest of the way home.

All across Britain, brawling soccer fans have exploded in mindless orgies, hurling bricks and bottles at one another, kicking and punching referees and policemen, roaming the streets on postgame sprees, breaking windows and trashing stores. A growing problem in other European countries as well, soccer hooliganism in England is at violent odds with the hand-clapping civility of Wimbledon and cricket crowds. Manchester United boosters, regarded by police as Britain's most savage, have been caught carrying razor-like, sharpened combs, brass knuckles, meat cleavers, chains and knives. In several stadiums the nastiest new weapon is the dart: two weeks ago, the London *Daily Mail* ran photographs of a pair of unlucky teen-age spectators with darts sticking out of their skulls.

On the theory that football "fanimals" have succeeded Teddy boys, skinheads, mods and rockers as England's latest cult criminals, sociologists and psychologists have been attending games to ponder and probe the causes. According to Oxford Psychologist Peter Marsh, the "Saturday afternoon fever" is a cathartic release from the drabness of weekday working-



Wounded Millwall partisan being led away for treatment during soccer match



Spectators getting involved in a game at East London stadium

*Cathartic release from the drabness of working-class life.*

class life. Anthropologist Desmond Morris, author of *The Naked Ape* (and also a director of the Oxford United football team), dismisses the rowdiness as "ritual rudeness" with "little or no bloodletting, merely threat displays as in the animal world." In soccer fanaticism Morris detects "quasi-religious elements and trappings of churchgoing as it used to be: the chanting, special costumes, rhythmic clapping and the rest. The singing of the Liverpool 'Kop' [end-zone crowd] resembles a cathedral choir"—at least when it sings out winning scores to the tune of *Amazing Grace* ("Two-one, two-oo-one, two-one, two-one").

Football Association officers take a less sanguine view of the violence. After the Millwall riot, liquor was permanently banned from the home field, and the team was penalized by being ordered to play all cup matches at opponents' arenas for the next two years. Other clubs have tried

banning booze, increasing police protection and even eliminating special football trains to away games. Courts fine unruly fans, but \$3.7 million worth of such fines remain unpaid by miscreants, most of whom are working-class youths.

"I just don't know the answer," confesses Sir Harold Thompson, chairman of the Football Association. "Hooliganism seems to be becoming a regular occurrence. I would like to see these people prevented from going to the matches by being locked up on Saturday."

Sir Walter Winterbottom, former manager of England's national team, has suggested a direct approach: install cages around the end zone, where standing-room crowds are packed in shoulder to shoulder, to control wild spectators. That might not be inconsistent with the fans' self-image. After being castigated by the press as "animals," supporters of Manchester United cheerfully responded with a new chant: "We hate the humans." ■

# Science



Archaeologist explaining bas-relief to Mexico's President José López Portillo (third from left)

## Moon Goddess

### Uncovering Coyolxauhqui

When public utility repair crews digging at a busy Mexico City street corner in February made their find, it created an instant sensation. Rumors arose that the long-lost treasure of Montezuma II, the Aztec emperor at the time of the Spanish conquest, had finally been located. As archaeologists roped off the site, indignant Mexicans protested: "We have a right to the gold. We pay our taxes."

What the workmen found was not gold, but a treasure nonetheless. It has now been identified as a huge pre-Columbian bas-relief of the Aztec moon goddess Coyolxauhqui. Probably sculpted in the early 15th century, the circular stone, 3.3 meters (11 ft.) across and weighing some 20 tons, has relief images of the dismembered goddess's limbs, torso and head scattered all over its surface. The carnage depicts a well-known episode from Aztec mythology. When the mother of the gods was pregnant for the last time, so the story goes, her other offspring—the moon, planets and stars—became so jealous that they plotted to kill her. At the very moment of matricide, the newly born war and sun god, Huitzilopochtli, leaped from the womb and avenged his mother by killing his murderous siblings. The victims of his rage included the beautiful Coyolxauhqui, who was cut into bits. That is why, according to Aztec legend, the moon starts off full each month, then gradually diminishes in size.

Except for one small crack, the bas-

relief is perfectly preserved, a sign that it was apparently buried prior to the Spanish invasion, thus escaping destruction by the conquistadors. Along with the stone, diggers found six skulls, stone knives and other objects possibly linked to the ritual human sacrifice practiced by the Aztecs. Scientists suspect that many more pre-Columbian objects may lie hidden under Mexico City's streets. ■

## Miracle Plant

### Anyone for winged beans?

A few years ago, Noel Vietmeyer, a staff director of the National Academy of Sciences, was surprised to find in a collection of reports on tropical plants one with a curious title: "*Psophocarpus tetragonolobus*: Crop with a Future?" Neither Vietmeyer nor any other agriculture scientist would be surprised today. For the plant, better known as "the winged bean" because of the four winglike flanges on its pod, is now regarded as a great green hope among the experts who worry about new food sources for the overpopulated and underdeveloped world.

"It's a veritable backyard supermarket," exults Vietmeyer, who has probably done as much as anyone to drum up the new enthusiasm for the winged bean. "From top to bottom," he explains, "it is all edible. The leaves are like spinach, the stems like asparagus, and you can eat the flowers and the tubers too. And after they are steamed or boiled, the seeds and pods taste like good mushrooms."

There are other attractions. As a le-

gume, the winged bean converts its own nitrogen from the atmosphere, thanks to a happy symbiosis with guest *Rhizobium* bacteria in the plant's potato-like tubers. Consequently, it needs no fertilizer and even enriches the soil in which it grows. Any parts picky humans do not want to eat can be fed to cattle. As Horticulturist Jack Kelly of the University of Florida's Institute of Food and Agriculture Sciences puts it, "It's like the butcher's pig. Everything's useful but the oink."

In certain parts of Asia, such as Burma, Sumatra and New Guinea, the winged bean is old potatoes. A sturdy, largely disease-resistant vine, it requires very little attention and grows with ease in rainy, tropical areas. The winged bean does more than just fill stomachs. Indonesians traditionally use extracts to treat eye and ear infections and cure dyspepsia; Malaysians claim a lotion concocted from the plant helps soothe smallpox.

If the winged bean is such a bountiful miracle, why was it so long neglected outside its native habitat? For one thing, like collard greens and peanuts in the U.S. South, it has been a peasant food, scorned by middle-class palates. Even when the world's agronomists began working on the green revolution by creating new strains of higher-yield plants, they concentrated so heavily on major crops like wheat, rice, maize and sorghum that humbler plants were overlooked.

Now these attitudes are changing. As the cost of the fertilizers needed to boost yields for such crops soars prohibitively, and as other resources become scarcer, experts have pressed the search for cheaper, easier-to-raise alternatives. In this hunt, many other plants are being rediscovered. Among them: the Mexican leucaena tree (as a forage for cattle), the jojoba bean (for its oil) and the South-west's weedlike guayule (as a source of natural rubber).

Experimental winged-bean plantings are now under way in some 50 countries, partly as a result of a widely distributed report by the National Academy of Sciences that concluded: "The winged bean appears to have great potential for easing the problem of protein malnutrition throughout the humid tropics." But for all their enthusiasm, scientists admit that to begin widespread growth and use of the plant where it has never been grown before may involve obstacles, botanical and otherwise. Indeed, so perverse are human beings that it may prove a difficult thing to change eating habits. As the University of Florida's Kelly points out, though, scientists might take a lesson from history. When Louis XVI tried to popularize potatoes in France during the 18th century, the people refused to eat them—until he established a royal potato garden, which the peasants promptly invaded to get at the King's new crop. ■

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# People

"I have never met a dumber broad," complains **Bette Midler**. Who could it be? Why, the Divine Miss M happens to be describing the Divine Miss M. The occasion: an interview with herself for the tenth-anniversary issue of *After Dark* magazine. She also appears on the cover, kicking up her heels above a sea of balloons. Soon she will be kicking off her first movie, which, she promises, is "nothing with flying saucers. Nothing with sharks." *The Rose* is the story of a flamboyant, 1960s blues singer. "It's not about Janis Joplin. It's about a blues singer who wins—beats life at its own game," insists Bette. Her co-star is **Alan Bates**, who plays her manager. "I've never met Miss Midler."



Solzhenitsyn pleads for a friend

he said after signing for the part. Both hope their work together will not put anyone in mind of Bette's last nightclub act: "Close Encounters of the Worst Kind."

■ She struggled with the Soviet secret police when they broke into her Moscow apartment to arrest her husband, **Alexander**, and now, at a distance, **Natalya Solzhenitsyn** is struggling with them again. This time she is speaking out for the Solzhenitsyns' longtime friend **Alexander Ginzburg**, 41. Ginz-



Bubbling over about her role in *The Rose*, Midler plays cover girl

burg, until his arrest 14 months ago, was the administrator in the U.S.S.R. of the \$1.7 million Russian Social Fund, established and financed by Solzhenitsyn. Before he was sent to Kaluga prison for alleged anti-Soviet activities, Ginzburg managed to distribute \$360,000 to the "wives, children and parents of political prisoners of conscience who need support," says Natalya. To help draw attention to his plight, the Solzhenitsyns set up a Ginzburg Defense Committee in the U.S., composed of artists, journalists and politicians. Last week Natalya left the secluded Solzhenitsyn estate near Cavendish, Vt., and flew to London to launch the committee abroad. Said she: "The case of Alexander Ginzburg should draw the attention of all people, irrespective of their political views."

■ **Christiaan Barnard** will soon have to put down his scalpel because of arthritis in his

hands, but he is just warming up as a writer. The co-author of a couple of novels with medical themes, the South African heart surgeon last week began a weekly column for Johannesburg's *Rand Daily Mail*. Although he is consigned to the women's pages, Barnard, 55, addressed himself to men. Where, he wonders, do men stand "now that the stronger sex has escaped from the boudoir and the kitchen?" Says he: "The dainty little thing who sets your pulse racing as she trips along the street ahead of you or displays herself curvily on a beach is nature's chosen sex. She is a much more physiologically efficient arrangement than your hairy, paunchy frame." And to make matters worse, warned Barnard, artificial insemination and women's improved breadwinning ability could make the male obsolete in some sci-fi future. As the doctor sees it, "A few of us may be kept in benign captivity for education and other purposes, but don't count on it."

It was robots v. romance. And the winner? Well, la-de-dah. It was *Annie Hall*. Though *Star Wars* won more awards (six in all) at the 50th annual Oscar ceremony, **Woody Allen's** semiautobiographical love story snared the big ones: Best Picture, Best Actress (**Diane Keaton**), Best Original Screenplay and Best Director (both won by Allen). Woody never made it to Hollywood, doing instead his regular gig on the clarinet at a Manhattan pub. But **Richard Dreyfuss**, who is playing in *Julius Caesar* in Brooklyn, went west to pick up the Best Actor award for his role in *The Goodbye Girl*. "The English language was somewhere across the room. I felt like a sofa. I couldn't think of anything to say," he recalled later. **Jason Robards** won Best Supporting Actor for the second year in a row, this time for *Julia*, and **Vanessa Redgrave** got Best Supporting Actress, also for *Julia*. It was she who provided the almost ritualistic bit of upsetting business that characterizes every Oscar night, lashing out in her acceptance speech at "Zionist hoodlums"—the Jews who had protested her nomination for weeks and who picketed the auditorium because she had financed a pro-Palestinian film. It was left to Screenwriter **Paddy Chayefsky** to admonish



Allen on the night of the Oscars



her: "I would like to suggest to Miss Redgrave that her winning an Academy Award is not a pivotal moment in history, does not require a proclamation and that a simple thank you would suffice."

Instead of mourning the past, the widow of **Martin Luther King Jr.** believes in reminding people of her late husband's political and spiritual legacy. At a press conference in Atlanta to commemorate the tenth anniversary of his assassination, **Coretta Scott King**, 50, spoke up for the Humphrey-Hawkins bill: "It's a basic right, having a job. If you have a right to live, you have a right to a means by which to live." She also urged blacks to vote: "People must get as excited about going to the polls as they did going out in the streets and blowing off steam." At a quiet graveside ceremony, she re-worked King's famous line, "We cannot be a free people until all our people are free." Said Coretta: "We cannot really be a great society until all of our people have had a chance to share in that greatness." With Martin Luther King III at her side, Coretta softly concluded, "Let us continue to move forward in pursuit of the dream."

**Pat Nixon** had not left Southern California since her stroke 21 months ago, but last



Abplanalp (far left) and Rebozo (right) rendezvous with Pat and Dick on the Nixon's visit to the Bahamas

week she flew east to some familiar family haunts: Florida and the Bahamas. Looking tanned and cheery, she and the ex-President, accompanied by 20 Secret Service agents, visited Old Friends **Charles G. ("Bebe") Rebozo** and **Robert Abplanalp**. At Bebe's house on Key Largo, Pat and Dick relaxed and enjoyed the sunshine. On the Abplanalps' private 125-acre island in the Bahamas, where Nixon used to vacation

in White House days, Pat and Dick helped Robert celebrate his 56th birthday. Pronounced one guest: "It was like a family party." After a dinner of stone crabs, conch chowder, fried yellowtail (Nixon's favorite fish) and cake, Dick seated himself at the piano and plunked out *Happy Birthday to You* and *Home on the Range*. Then, declining the postprandial champagne, the Nixons retired at 9:45.

## On the Record

**Paco Camino**, upon retiring from the ring after 23 years as a bullfighter: "There are bulls that were hard to kill, some because they had been brave and fierce and others because the agony of their death is ... well, they look at you. It hurts you. It makes you sad. It's an animal."

**Henry Moore**, English sculptor: "You get into a rhythm of swinging the hammer in a way that the swing does the work. It's like any other game. Like golf."

**Robert Strauss**, U.S. Special Representative for Trade Negotiations: "Everybody in government is like a bunch of ants on a log floating down a river. Each one thinks he is guiding the log, but it is really just going with the flow."

**Gore Vidal**, author, reflecting on his craft: "Each writer is born with a repertory company in his head. Shakespeare had perhaps 20 players, and Tennessee Williams has about five and Samuel Beckett one—and perhaps a clone of that one. I have ten or so, and that's a lot. As you get older, you become more skillful at casting them."



On the tenth anniversary of her husband's death, Coretta Scott King urges Americans to pursue the dream

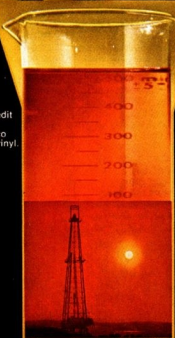
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## Theater

### Intrepid Loser

MOTHER COURAGE  
AND HER CHILDREN  
by Bertolt Brecht

**M**other Courage is one of the permanent plays of the 20th century; yet it rarely receives a fully satisfying production. One trouble lies in the title role. Mother Courage is as big as war. She is a one-woman field of combat, and few actresses have gone through that bone-deep ordeal or lived *en garde* with death.

Nor is that all. The tone of the play is one of relentlessly evenhanded irony, both tragic and comic, a very elusive mood to sustain. Finally, there is Brecht's thesis, that war is a continuation of business as usual. He strips its so-called heroes and victims of their epaulets of duty, honor and grief and exposes them as avaricious brokers on the floor of a bloodstained international stock exchange.

The action takes place during the Thirty Years' War. Mother Courage (Mary Lou Rosato) is an intrepid trader with a sassy tongue and a saucy past. She leeches off the advancing and retreating armies with the goods in her hand-drawn wagon. But her losses bitterly outweigh her profits. While she is haggling over the sale of a belt buckle, her favorite son Eilif (Kevin Conroy) is dragged to the wars by a sly recruiting officer. Eilif dies. While she tries to shave the price for the release of another son (Jeffrey Hayenga), he is executed. Finally, her mute daughter Kattrin (Frances Conroy), raped as a child by a soldier, is shot down while Mother Courage is away on one of her bartering expeditions. In the end, only her spunk and the wagon have survived.

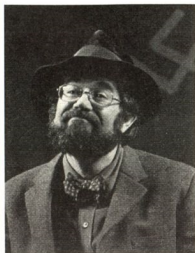
Courage, Mary Lou Rosato surely embodies, but the heartrending passion of a mother is somehow lacking, possibly because Director Alan Schneider focuses unflinchingly on the acid worldly wisdom of the play. Brecht said he wanted players to judge Mother Courage, not to weep for her; and The Acting Company, which tours the entire U.S., deserves credit for trying it that way.

—T.E. Kalem

### Ideas in Motion

GALILEO by Bertolt Brecht

**A**s the eye of greed seals the fate of Mother Courage, the lens of the telescope determines the destiny of Galileo. Apart from Socrates' drinking the hemlock, the most vivid martyrdom of truth in the memory of civilized Western man is Galileo's recantation before the Italian Inquisition. The difference between the two is that Socrates could have fled from Athens and refused to do so, and Galileo



Luckinbill in Galileo

*Inventive dwarfs for hire.*

could have refused to recant but chose to do so. Out of Galileo's dilemma and choice, Brecht fashioned a play of high moral intelligence and lasting pertinence. Unlike some of Brecht's obsessively didactic works, *Galileo* proceeds by the Socratic method, endlessly posing questions and revealing contradictions, the dramatic equivalent of reality confronting illusion. What is the moral responsibility of the scientist vis-a-vis the state or, in Galileo's case, the church? Brecht has Galileo (Laurence Luckinbill) castigate himself toward the end of the play for a failure of integrity: "If only I had resisted! If only the scientists could have developed something like the Hippocratic oath of the physicians, a vow to use their knowledge for the welfare of humanity alone. As it now stands, the best one can hope for is a race of inventive dwarfs who can be hired for anything."

But is scientific truth too high a price to pay for sowing the agony of doubt in the minds of common folk? The Little Monk (Rudy Caringi) describes the pain his poor parents would suffer if the earth were no longer the center of the universe and man the paragon of God's eye: "There will be no meaning in their misery. Hunger will simply mean not having eaten, rather than being a test of strength. Hard work will simply be bending and lugging, and not be a virtue." To which Galileo replies: "I can see your people's divine patience but where is their divine wrath?"

It is strangely appropriate that this barbed play of ideas is being presented in Columbia University's Havemeyer Hall, where some of the physicists whose equations produced the atomic bomb once lectured. The cast is able, and Luckinbill is imposing as the skeptic son of rationalism. This is an auspicious debut for the New York Actors' Theater.

—T.E.K.



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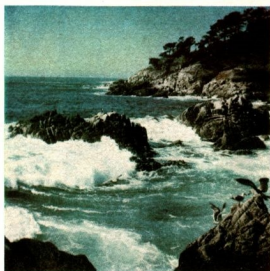
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## MERIT

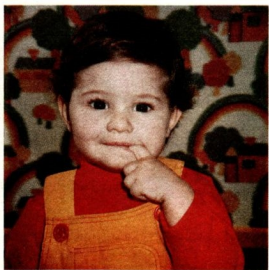
Kings & 100's



**This close.**



**This far.**



**Shoot every 1½ seconds.**

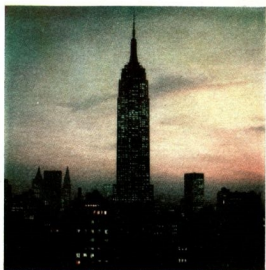


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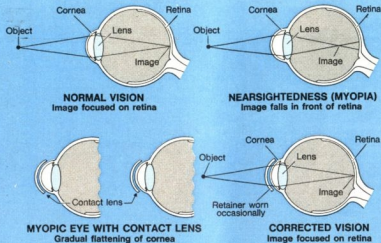
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# Medicine

## THE THEORY OF "ORTHO-K"



TIME Diagram by Paul J. Pugliese

## "Magic Bullet"

*Japanese abortion drug  
stirs hopes and questions*

It has long been a dream of population-control experts, to say nothing of millions of men and women all over the world: a safe antidote that can be taken after intercourse to prevent pregnancy. Such a perfect morning-after pill still eludes medical science. But Japanese researchers believe they have developed the next-best thing, a vaginal suppository. If administered as early as two weeks after a woman has missed her period because of pregnancy, it can induce abortion about 90% of the time with barely any side effects.

Produced by Osaka's Ono Pharmaceutical Co., the new suppository drug is based on one of the prostaglandins, hormone-like compounds once believed to originate in the male prostate gland. Researchers have long realized that certain prostaglandins could induce contractions in smooth muscles, including those of the womb. Soon doctors were using them to speed up labor in difficult births and to induce abortion when other techniques had failed, or seemed unsuitable. Yet such abortifacients (as these drugs are called) had serious shortcomings. Usually administered intravenously, they often caused stomach pain, nausea, vomiting, diarrhea and other physical problems. Thus pharmaceutical firms have looked for artificial variants without side effects that could be delivered directly into the vagina.

On their 802nd try, researchers at Ono created Ono 802. In the first trial on pregnant volunteers, reports Dr. Shigeo Takagi of Tokyo's Nihon University School of Medicine, the drug within a week completely aborted 86% of his patients who had missed their period for twelve to 37 days. Bleeding usually began within six to eight hours after the drug was administered (in the form of three to five waxy, bullet-shaped waxy suppositories inserted one at a time into the vagina at three-hour intervals). The World Health Organization has given its blessings to more widespread clinical trials for the drug. If it proves safe and reliable, who officials feel it can help to contain an exploding global population. Some medical questions must be settled as well. An overdose of a powerful abortifacient may possibly have serious consequences. For this and other reasons, strict limits have been placed on a similar second-trimester vaginal suppository, Prostin E2, which the Upjohn Co. made available in the U.S. last November. It is distributed only to qualified doctors and hospitals for cases where such drug-induced abortion seems preferable to other methods of terminating pregnancy.

## Eye Braces?

*Changing the cornea's curve*

Back in the early 1960s, two Southern California optometrists named Stuart Grant and Charles May learned of a surprising effect in patients they had fitted with contact lenses. The patients had been given the lenses to correct myopia, or nearsightedness, a condition that usually gets worse rather than better. Yet some of these people, after wearing contacts for only a few months, found their vision without lenses had mysteriously improved. Recalls Grant: "Sometimes they would get halfway to work and realize that they were not even wearing their contacts."

Out of that chance discovery 17 years ago has emerged a new and highly controversial treatment for helping flawed vision. It is called "orthokeratology." In myopia, images of the outside world do not focus precisely on the retina but rather in front of it, either because the eyeball is too long or because the cornea and lens bend light rays too much. Just as orthodontists use braces to correct the position of crooked teeth, orthokeratologists employ hard contact lenses to alter the curvature of the cornea to improve vision. At least 300 optometrists now specialize in "ortho-k," and tens of thousands of Americans are believed to have undergone the increasingly popular treatment.

Yet even ortho-k's supporters acknowledge that there is little hard scientific evidence to support some of the claims made for it. The best results seem to be in correcting young myopics. Patients are usually treated with a standard contact lens worn for up to 16 hours a

day. Either through pressure or undetermined factors—the cause is still disputed—the cornea does seem to flatten out. After about six weeks the cornea's new curvature is measured, and new contact lenses prescribed, usually with a flatter curve. During the therapy, which can last two years and cost \$1,500 and up, the patient may be obliged to wear more than half a dozen pairs of lenses. When the optimal curvature and vision are reached, the patient is assigned the final minimum prescription lenses, which are worn at night or perhaps only a few hours or so a day to ensure that the proper curve is maintained.

Orthokeratologists say that they have been able to improve vision so dramatically that many people once with visual acuity of 20/200 or worse are now able to walk around without glasses or contacts for the better part of the day. Says Gale Dixon, 32, a part-time actress and singer who once had 20/800 vision: "When I first started, the world was totally out of focus. Now I get up in the morning and can see fairly well. It gives me a lot of freedom." Critics do not deny that limited improvements may indeed occur, but they point out that they are at best temporary, and that the cornea will eventually spring back to its old shape. They also worry that the treatment, especially in the hands of less skilled practitioners, can cause permanent astigmatism and other eye damage. Says Ophthalmologist G. Peter Halberg, a specialist in contact lenses at St. Vincent's Hospital in Manhattan: "Properly presented and investigated, orthokeratology could be acceptable some time in the future. There's a lot of chaff and some grain, and we are in the process of separating the grain from the chaff."



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# Music

## Queen Mary in Virginia

Norfolk launches Thea Musgrave's newest opera

Norfolk, home of the world's largest naval base, may have launched a thousand ships, but it has never christened much in the way of the arts. The city (pop. 330,000) lacks the colonial quaintness of nearby Williamsburg, the antebellum allure of Savannah or Charleston's successful new Spoleto Festival. But in 1975, Norfolk acquired some culture: the Virginia Opera Association. The founders were a group of wealthy, energetic women who took over the old 1,800-seat Center Theater, a concrete WPA-era pile blessed only with good acoustics. They pushed ticket sales hard and put on *La Bohème*. What's more, they played to a full house.

Three seasons later, the V.O.A. has grown into a small but lively stable company. With Peter Mark, 37, as its artistic director and conductor, the group draws its orchestra and chorus from the nearby area and casts young stars from the regional opera circuit in principal roles. V.O.A. began by wooing its audience with bubbly comic stalwarts (*The Barber of Seville*) and Puccini tearjerkers (*Madama Butterfly*).

Last week, in a giant step, the V.O.A. abandoned the standard repertory and embraced 20th century music by presenting the American premiere of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, a grand opera by Scottish Composer Thea Musgrave, 49. The choice was audacious. *Mary* calls for 13 principals and a 32-member chorus, a taxing assignment for V.O.A.'s limited resources and tiny (28 ft. deep) stage. V.O.A. gambled and won—to prolonged applause.

*Mary, Queen of Scots* chronicles the seven-year period from Mary's return to Scotland in 1561, the widow of the King of France, to her flight to England in 1568, forced by her half brother James

Stewart, Earl of Moray. Musgrave, the composer and the wife of Artistic Director Mark, also wrote the libretto. Her story crackles with emotional tension: between Mary, young, lovely and impulsive; James, who craves power; the hotheaded soldier, the Earl of Bothwell; and the weak courtier, Lord Darnley, her cousin who becomes her husband.

Originally commissioned by the Scottish Opera, the music is built on a dissonant counterpoint between the vocal lines and orchestration. Although it has little charm or lyricism, the score does have strength. And there are some masterly touches, as in a ballroom scene in Act I in which Bothwell (sung by Barry Busse) and his soldiers watch awkwardly as Mary (Ashley Putnam) and her courtiers dance stately pavaes. Infuriated by the perfumed elegance, Bothwell strides forward and belts forth a rough Scottish reel. The roistering tune and sinister tremolo accompaniment overwhelm the lute-like Renaissance melody of the dance—and the musical battle foreshadows real ones to come.

There was not a weak voice or wooden actor in the company. Ashley Putnam, 25, is a talented, striking new star who debuted professionally with the V.O.A. back in 1976, two months before she shared first place in the prestigious Metropolitan Opera national auditions. Her lustrous soprano voice handles high notes with authority, and her acting is good enough for Broadway. She manages to crystallize certain moments: a softened look at James (Jake Gardner) even as they feud; a coquettish triumph as queen of her ball.

The whole enterprise worked together with remarkable precision. The chorus had rehearsed weekly since last Novem-

ber, and the principals had arrived in early March for their own thorough coaching. "Many companies around the country indulge in 'instant opera,' spending all of their money on one star who comes in three days before the performance," says Mark. "But we want a healthy balance of drama and music."

The list of subscribers has grown from 3,600 for the first full season to 6,500 for the current three-production season, and the budget from what one board member calls "deficit spending" to \$370,000 this year and a projected \$500,000 the next. All the shows are sold out.

**A**dashing, ebullient musician and professor at the University of California at Santa Barbara, Mark spends half of each year at Norfolk, polishing productions and scouting new talent. Another power behind Mary's throne is Edythe Harrison, the iron-willed president of V.O.A. A self-proclaimed promoter, she housed—among others—her next-door neighbor Norfolk Mayor Vincent Thomas for support; the city finally built an orchestra pit in the Center Theater and refurbished it (at a combined cost of \$100,000). She even, so the story goes, got a little help on the side from the Navy in transporting the Scottish Opera's ornate costumes from Scotland to Norfolk.

The next step, according to Harrison, is to transform Norfolk into a "major opera center," with summer and light opera and a touring company. "If we've done what we've done in three years, we can certainly accomplish that," says Harrison confidently. If *Mary* is any measure, she is right.

—Annalyn Swan

Gardner and Putnam in *Mary*



A lady in waiting comforts the Queen as the people begin to turn against her



# Television

## Reliving the Nazi Nightmare

HOLOCAUST NBC, April 16 through April 19



SS Officer Michael Moriarty with Engineer Robert Stephens in *Holocaust*

At first it seems like an obscene idea: a network mini-series about the Nazis' extermination of 6 million Jews. American television has a tendency to trivialize almost everything it touches, and, of all important subjects, the Holocaust should be immune to such treatment. But about an hour into Part 1 of *Holocaust's* four installments, it is clear that this NBC *Big Event* is far from the same network's *Loose Change* or *King*—or just about any other TV movie. Not only is *Holocaust* faithful to the facts of a horrific historical episode, this show also has the power to keep fickle TV viewers riveted to the tube. It is an uncommonly valuable achievement: *Holocaust* is likely to awaken more consciences to the horrors of the Third Reich than any single work since Anne Frank's diary nearly three decades ago.

What makes *Holocaust* particularly fascinating is that it is an orthodox product of network television. The creation of veteran TV showmen, it is splintered by commercial breaks and loaded with soap-opera plot devices designed to make the audience tune in each night. Yet *Holocaust* demonstrates that TV's built-in limitations can become assets: they can make difficult material more accessible to a mass audience. It is hard to imagine *Holocaust* being so effective in another format. Were the show exhibited in movie theaters, no one would sit still for its 9½-hour running time. Were it produced for PBS, *Holocaust* would probably be drowned in a sea of historical minutiae. By creating their show for NBC, the authors have forced themselves to be equally re-

sponsive to the demands of both primetime show biz and historical accuracy. They prove that such a marriage of commerce and art can bear remarkable fruit.

Like *Roots*, *Holocaust* is neither documentary nor docu-drama, but a fictionalized interpretation of real events. Its dramatic structure is simple: Writer Gerald Green has invented a bourgeois family of assimilated Jewish Berliners and then propelled its members through the events of 1935-45. Shortly after the show



Meryl Streep and James Woods

Hooking a young audience.



Rosemary Harris and Fritz Weaver

opens, the head of the Weiss family, a doctor played by Fritz Weaver, is exiled from Berlin to the Warsaw Ghetto. His wife (Rosemary Harris) soon follows, and eventually the couple end up in Auschwitz. The oldest Weiss son (James Woods), an artist, marries a Roman Catholic (Meryl Streep), only to be sent to Buchenwald, then to the "privileged" camp of Theresienstadt, then Auschwitz. His brother (Joseph Bottoms) goes on the run, meets and marries a Czech Zionist (Tovah Feldshuh), and later joins the underground Jewish partisans fighting in the Ukraine. As Green traces the stories of these and many related characters, the audience gradually takes in the panorama of the Holocaust. It stretches from the first major anti-Jewish riot in Berlin (the 1938 *Kristallnacht*) to the early stages of the postwar struggle to create the state of Israel.

**H**olocaust is often brutal. Unlike pop movies about genocide such as *The Diary of Anne Frank* and *Voyage of the Damned*, this show does not leave the brunt of Nazi violence off-screen. Almost all the major characters in *Holocaust* die, and we see how they are murdered: in mass machine-gun executions, in death-camp ovens, in torture chambers. Though some viewers may be tempted to turn off the horror, Green does everything in his power to keep the audience transfixed. Once some early exposition is out of the way, his narrative races along at a relentless pace, spinning off subplots and love stories as it goes. Green knows the



drama speaks for itself, so he never bothers to halt the action for gratuitous sermons or quotes from Santayana.

He is also shrewd enough to give the audience a wide assortment of characters with which to identify. *Holocaust's* Jews are religious and nonreligious, Zionist and non-Zionist; some of the younger characters (notably those played by Bottoms and Feldshuh) are out-and-out heartthrobs, designed to hook the kids who often dictate the TV-watching habits of American households. As a result, most viewers will be trapped by the time the story reaches its most grisly sections.

**I**f *Holocaust* is necessarily rooted in the conventions of melodrama, it is sophisticated in its approach to the history it covers; Green does not miss too many angles. He dramatizes the special anti-Semitic character of Hitler's policies, but also shows that many non-Jews were victims of German genocide. He depicts those Jews who went quietly to the slaughter as well as those who tried to resist. He reminds the audience that a few Jews even curried favor with their German captors and that the Allied powers (the U.S. included) stood idly by as evidence of the Holocaust grew. At the end, he touches on the awesome guilt of the concentration camps' survivors.

Perhaps the finest achievement is the depiction of the Germans. In most movies or TV shows that describe the Third Reich, the Nazis are heel-clicking automatons who run around yelling "Heil Hitler!" The effect of such theatrics is to rob genocide of its meaning; audiences can dismiss the Final Solution as the creation of a few madmen. In *Holocaust*, most Nazis are seemingly normal people who all too easily answer the call of a racist and fascist government. One of the show's principal characters is an intelligent lawyer and family man, Erik Dorf (Michael Moriarty), who rises in



Weaver, as the head of the Weiss family, in the barracks at Auschwitz

the SS by dreaming up "legal" justifications for the Führer's extermination program. We also meet doctors, technicians and clergymen who lend their aid to the Nazi cause. These characters, like the famous Nazi leaders who appear (Eichmann, Heydrich, Himmler), are played without German accents by such skilled actors as David Warner, Robert Stephens, T.P. McKenna and Ian Holm. They, too, invite audience identification—and so force us to wonder whether we might ever collaborate with an immoral government for the sake of opportunism and self-preservation.

The entire cast is first-rate. The producers were smart to turn to accomplished stage actors rather than the *Hollywood Squares* refugees who usually populate network mini-series. Marvin Chomsky's



Joseph Bottoms and Tovah Feldshuh



The re-enactment of Nazi executions in the Ukraine, where Jews were rounded up, stripped and mowed down with machine guns. Unlike other movies about genocide, the show does not leave the brunt of the violence off-screen.

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## Television

direction, while more efficient than inspired, is well above typical TV standards, and some of his images kick the audience sharply in the gut. He shows nude women and children marching silently into the showers; his camera takes in the piles of corpses in the ditches at Babi Yar. Unlike routine cops-and-robbers TV violence, which is too impersonal and stylized to move an audience, these sequences have a shocking impact.

Even so, no TV show or movie, including this one, can make an audience feel what it was like to be a Jew caught in the Holocaust: only those who were there can ever know. But *Holocaust* does a lot to increase our comprehension of its unfathomable subject. As one character says on her way to the gas chamber, "It's so hard to remember that we're individual people." *Holocaust* attaches human faces to the inhuman statistics of mass murder. It envelops the audience in grief and suffering, and long after the show has ended, the pain does not easily go away.

About halfway through *Holocaust*, SS Henchman Erik Dorf returns home to spend a jolly Christmas singing carols with his wife and children. For Michael Moriarty, who plays Dorf, the scene was almost impossible to act. In the midst of the caroling, he bolted from the set, tears streaming down his face. "I found him sobbing. 'How can they do it? How can they do it?'" recalls *Holocaust* Producer Robert Berger. "The knowledge that thousands in Germany's Christian community were caroling while Jews were massacred was too much for him. He fell to pieces."

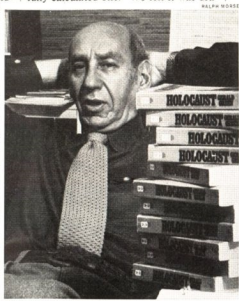
Such incidents were quite common during the 18 weeks it took to shoot NBC's \$6 million mini-series. In contrast to ABC's *Roots*, which re-created African villages on Hollywood back lots, *Holocaust* was filmed in the area where its horrors actually happened. One of the key locations was the Austrian prison camp of Mauthausen, which was used to simulate Auschwitz and Buchenwald. "It was a frightening place," says Berger. "The average life span of a Jew there was 48 hours. At one point in the filming, Cyril Shaps, a totally professional English actor of Jewish descent, was putting on his pajama-striped prison garb in the barracks at Mauthausen; suddenly he said, 'I don't think I can go on.' He was destroyed when he realized, as we all did, that we would have been in those uniforms or worse if we had been living in Germany then."

There were formidable practical problems in making *Holocaust*. First planned for six hours, the mini-series grew and grew. By the end, 150 actors and 1,000 extras had been employed; 100 miles of film had been shot. Director Marvin Chomsky, who also did half of *Roots*, even had to miss his father's funeral in the U.S.

to keep up with his shooting schedule in Vienna. He felt his father, who had been a Zionist in the 1920s, would have wanted it that way.

The machinery for this mammoth undertaking was set in motion two years ago, when the idea for *Holocaust* occurred to NBC Programmer Irwin Segelstein. The project was assigned to Titus Productions, headed by Berger and his partner Herbert Brodtkin (*The Defenders*, *The Missiles of October*). Titus' main asset was Writer Gerald Green, 56, best known for his novel *The Last Angry Man*. Long absorbed by the plight of Jews during the war, Green had already written two books on the subject.

The decision to build the story around the fictional Weiss family was a carefully calculated one. "We felt it was dra-



Writer Gerald Green with paperbacks

Hitting a nerve with the public.

matically important that the audience be able to recognize people whose religion is not a nationality, but whose nationality was a place of birth," says Green. "I wanted a real German family, the equivalent of American Jews who think of themselves first as Americans. We didn't want to do *Fiddler on the Roof* Jews, although they were prime victims of the Holocaust. We were afraid they would vitiate what we were trying to do—appeal to a broad audience." Though the Weisses are products of Green's imagination, the historical framework of *Holocaust* is, of course, not. The show was exhaustively researched. Besides relying on the vast literature on the Third Reich and Green's previous interviews with death-camp survivors, Titus consulted with religious leaders and even purchased "home movies" of Nazi atrocities from ex-SS officers.

After Green wrote the full treatment

for the show, he feared that NBC would reject his frank depiction of life and death in the camps, but the network immediately gave its O.K. "It was the week *Roots* went on," says Green. "I think the decision to go ahead might have been delayed for a longer time if *Roots* had not been such a whopping success." Current NBC Programming Chief Paul Klein, however, points out that the two shows are very different: "*Holocaust* is not *Roots*. It's not sex and violence. It is not an exploitation film. It doesn't have anyone's legs being cut off. It doesn't have Chuck Connors raping a nubile black girl." The network's censors have made sure of that: they have bawled out two seconds of a scene in which naked women enter a gas chamber.

The decision not to cast the mini-series with big-name actors came early on. "People want to see this show or they don't," explains Klein. "It would have been ludicrous to star-stud it." Instead of celebrities, the audience will see prominent actors from the Royal Shakespeare Company (Ian Holm), the New York Shakespeare Festival (Meryl Streep) and Broadway (Rosemary Harris, George Rose). The Nazis are mainly played by British. Says Berger: "We did not want any comedic overtones of Hollywood." Most of the cast members accepted their roles as soon as they saw the script. One of the two actors who turned down parts felt that the show overly humanized the Nazis. "When I heard that," says Green, "I didn't sleep for three days."

If anyone is losing sleep over *Holocaust* now, it is probably NBC executives, who are waiting to see how the show fares in the ratings. Says one anxious veteran of the No. 3 network: "*Roots* was about a civil rights struggle that brought an end to slavery; our story doesn't have a conventional happy ending. That's a worry." To minimize disaster, should it occur, NBC has scheduled the mini-series a week before the beginning of the fiercely competitive and all-important Nielsen sweeps. "I had dreams of glory for *King* [a ratings flop]," says Klein, "but now I'm hardened. Even if *Holocaust* does badly, it will still reach 25 million people."

There is at least one sign that *Holocaust* may do better than NBC executives expect. Earlier this month, Bantam brought out Green's paperback novelization of his shooting script, expecting the book to take off after the show went on the air. Much to the publisher's surprise, the novel hit a nerve with the public from the moment it appeared on the racks. *Holocaust* has already gone through eight printings (1.25 million copies) and is climbing on best-seller lists. Not even Alex Haley's *Roots* had so wide a circulation before the airing of the TV show.

— Frank Rich

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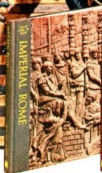
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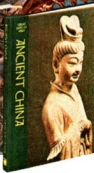
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## Sport

### Brotherly Love in Philadelphia

*Cunningham has shaped up the feuding 76ers for the play-offs*

It made sense in a way. Philadelphia 76er Coach Billy Cunningham had just watched his team, the most prodigally gifted in the N.B.A., lose to the league's second worst club, the Houston Rockets, and he needed a lift. Emerging from a disco after a few consoling beers, he got one. A man who claims to hold the world's record for pushups (9,000 in five hours) offered to demonstrate his prowess. Cunningham gingerly stepped onto his back. Up, down, up, down—two full push-ups with the 212-lb. coach aboard. "Only in the N.B.A.," said Cunningham, "do you meet crazy people like that."

Billy Cunningham ought to know. The outfit he will lead into the pro play-offs next week in quest of the league championship was renowned for being as zany and fractious as any in sport when he took over as coach early this season. The best team money could buy (basketball division) featured a \$2.2 million payroll and a collection of egos that beggared even that price tag. Forward George McGinnis often behaved as though his feet were chained to the floor when someone else had the ball. Center Darryl Dawkins, 6 ft. 11 in., 251 lbs., was a tempestuous man-child who had skipped college and played wearing two gold necklaces and an earring. At his best, Guard Lloyd Free almost lived up to his self-appraisal as "All-World," but he was known as a gunner even on a team of determined shooters.

True, Guards Doug Collins and Henry Bibby were willing to pass the ball, and, of course, Philly had the splendid Julius Erving, the All-Stratosphere Dr. J, who was difficult to fault even on a rare bad night. Taken all together, the 76ers had talent to burn—and they did.

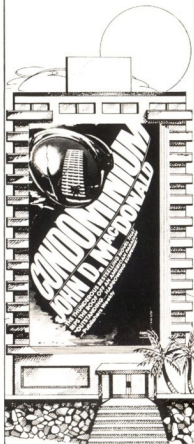
Coached by Gene Shue, the 76ers last season fought with one another as much as they battled opponents. Someone was always complaining about not getting enough playing time or asking to be traded. The Sixers wasted their formidable skills in playground pyrotechnics and ego-involving one-on-one duels. The limitations of such tactics were all too evident in the championship series: Philadelphia was whipped by the less-talented but cohesive and unselfish Portland Trail Blazers. When this season began with a 2-4 whimper, Coach Shue was dispatched and Cunningham summoned.

Though Cunningham was a former 76er star—his career was cut short two years ago by a knee injury—his qualifications as a coach were unimpressive. "I never coached a day in my life," he says. "But basketball goes through cycles. When I came in, they were looking for college coaches. Now it's younger coaches who can possibly communicate and understand the players a little better." While Shue remained aloof from his players, Cunningham, who is only 34 and had played with or against most of his new



Coach Billy Cunningham in close communication with his players on their way to the play-offs  
*Sympathy from one of the boys and some shoe pounding à la Khrushchev.*

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## Sport

### Jobs for Jocks

*Amateurs hurdle money woes*

charges, was already one of the boys. Says McGinnis: "Billy came in and started hugging us and telling us how much he liked us. He'd stop by the house, or give us a ride home. Those are little, intangible things, but they make a difference."

The 76ers also responded to the fact that Cunningham coaches with the same intensity that marked his brilliant playing career (in eleven years with the pros he averaged 20.8 points a game). He rants so fervently on the sidelines that he is frequently rapped with technical fouls. In one recent game, Billy C. pulled off a shoe and pounded the floor à la Khrushchev to express his ire.

The combination of on-court lion and off-court lamb soothed the Sixers' savage breasts. The team won 16 of its first 18 games under Cunningham and ran away with the Atlantic division of the Eastern Conference. Trade-me talk has diminished, and playing time—and scoring—is now more evenly distributed than under Shue. The top three scorers—McGinnis, Erving and Collins—are all averaging close to 20 points a game. A running team that likes to roughhouse its way to the basket, Philadelphia still often has trouble working set plays, although Cunningham has his men passed the ball more than a year ago. Last season the 76ers ranked 13th in the league in assists; this year they are up to sixth place. Says San Antonio Coach Doug Moe: "They're playing much better team ball than last year." Philadelphia's main weakness: an erratic defense.

**T**he Sixers will go into the play-offs determined to redeem the promise of a preseason ticket-selling campaign: "We owe you one." But Philadelphia could have its hands full just winning the Eastern Conference play-offs. San Antonio, winner of its own division, is a well-balanced club that has Forward George Gervin, the highest scorer in the league (28 point average a game). While the 76ers are fighting it out in the East, the Western Conference will hold a trial by fire guaranteed to produce a team that will be undaunted by Philadelphia. Portland is recovering from an astonishing run of injuries. At week's end Star Center Bill Walton had missed 21 straight games after his left foot was operated on for tendinitis. He should be ready for the play-offs. Portland will be especially worried about the Denver Nuggets, led by All-Star David Thompson, and the Phoenix Suns, who have Forward Walter Davis, the league's likely rookie-of-the-year.

To win the N.B.A. championship, the 76ers will have to play with all the verve, selfishness—and Philadelphia brotherly love—that Billy Cunningham has been trying to instill in his supersensitive superstars since becoming coach. His bully boys could be unbeatable. Says Dr. J., who is not known for hyperbole: "We're a very good basketball team that sometimes plays up to its potential, and then it's frightening how good we can be."

**W**hen Carol Brown went job hunting, even her two college degrees were no help. A 1976 Olympic bronze medalist in rowing, she wanted to compete in the 1980 Moscow games, but her conditioning regimen was so demanding—up to seven hours a day—that no prospective employer could accommodate his hours to hers. The result: Princeton Grad Brown was forced to work part time, as a truck driver.

For many postcollege world-class athletes in the U.S., finding the right kind of employment is itself an Olympic feat. Barred by the rules of amateurism from playing for pay, they have had to choose between dead-end jobs that allow time for training and competition, and accepting under-the-table payoffs from track-meet promoters and sporting-goods manufacturers. The payoffs go on, but now there is new hope for the amateur athletes—a jobs-for-jocks scheme devised by Howard Miller, 51, president of the Chicago-based Canteen Corp.

Miller learned of the athletes' dilemma while attending the Montreal Olympics two years ago. He wrote to 700 major corporations urging them to give permanent jobs, and time off for training, to Olympic-bound athletes. Miller also enlisted the help of the U.S. Olympic Committee and the Amateur Athletic Union to certify the athletes as world-class competitors. "The worst thing that can happen is that the kid you hire doesn't make the Olympics," says Miller. "Meanwhile, you've got yourself a highly motivated young person who generally has a college degree, and often a master's."

So far, the Olympic Job Opportunities Program has signed up 60 companies, found slots for 26 would-be Olympians, and has 50 awaiting placement. Carol Brown has given up truck driving and has a soft-drink marketing job in Seattle, plus a chance to pursue her daily conditioning without fear of being fired. Speed Skater Peter Mueller, winner of a gold medal in the men's 1,000-meter event in 1976, is working for Miller's Canteen Corp., and Augie Hirt, one of the nation's top race-walkers, is employed by Continental Bank in Chicago.

Stan Vinson, a crack middle-distance runner, no longer has to wash dishes for a living. Now working for Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Vinson completed a perfect indoor season this year, winning his 600-yd. race in ten straight track meets and sprinting off with the A.A.U. National Indoor Championships. Looking ahead to the outdoor season, Vinson says of his rejuvenation: "It's happening. I'm convinced, because I can concentrate on the two things that are most important to me, running and a career."



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## Education

### Student Apathy

*Why high schoolers don't care*

**D**ropping SAT scores and school violence have been making headlines, but a more insidious malady has been infecting high schools everywhere: apathy. Teachers are regarded as adversaries; students work below capacity to avoid being seen as teachers' pets. Why? Ellen Glanz, 28, a popular social sciences teacher at the 1,700-student Lincoln-Sudbury Regional High School in suburban Boston, decided to try to find out.

For 18 weeks last semester, Glanz gave up her keys to the teachers' lounge, traded in her office for a locker, and started going to classes. Students did not see her as a threat. "I wasn't 17, I wasn't out looking for a boyfriend, and I wasn't trying to get into college," she explained.

During the semester, Glanz divided her time among competitive, college-oriented students, average students and turned-off, unmotivated youngsters in an intensive study program. She watched half her fellow students cheat on tests and even found herself panicking when her homework was not done. As it turned out, she was one of the few who did worry.

"Even the bright kids manipulated the system and didn't do any more work than they actually had to," she said. "Most of them want to go to good colleges, but they don't seem to really want to learn more than is required." She found that many students came to class unprepared, ready only to absorb the teacher's monologue.

Glanz discovered one reason for the "incredible passivity" among students: many simply save little energy for schooling. Nearly half hold after-school jobs even though they generally come from upper-income homes. "Some are saving for college," she said, and besides, "it costs a lot to be a kid these days." To many of the students, she said, high school and college are archaic prerequisites for gainful employment. What really counts, they think, is contacts and good luck. Moreover, she observed, "not studying is a way of asserting oneself. There is a slave mentality of committing small sabotages to subvert the system."

**T**he solution? "Students must experience responsibility where others are really depending on them," Glanz argued. She advocated counting homework as a significant part of grades, failing students when they deserve it, and assigning students to lead class discussions. Some 700 copies of her 43-page report were distributed to teachers, students and parents. So far, there have been some student criticisms. But on the whole, Glanz says, "they're glad someone finally said some of the things I said."

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## Energy

# Coal's Clouded Post-Strike Future

*The fuel is there, and it can be dug—but plants may not want to use it*

**C**an a 19th century fuel that is dangerous to mine, difficult to transport and dirty to burn free the world's most energy-hungry nation from its crushing dependence on foreign oil? All along, that has been the big question mark over coal, the linchpin in President Carter's National Energy Plan. Carter's goal for coal is to boost output to 1.2 billion tons a year by 1985—an unprecedented increase of almost 75% over the 685 million tons mined last year—and to coax electric utilities and industry to burn the coal instead of imported oil or scarce natural gas. A cloud of uncertainty as dark as coal dust hung over that ambitious goal even before 165,000 members of the United Mine Workers walked out of the pits last December, shutting off about half the nation's coal output. Settlement of their marathon, 109-day walkout has done nothing to clear up the doubts.

Certainly the coal is there. Beneath the pit heads of Appalachia and the Ohio Valley, and under the sprawling strip mines of the West, lie coal seams rich enough to meet the country's power needs for centuries, no matter how much energy consumption may grow. The physical task of digging the coal is no great problem. But the key question is whether industry can be tempted or prodded into burning the coal in the prodigious quantities that the National Energy Plan contemplates. Officially, Washington's answer is put bluntly by Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger: "We have no alternative." Unless coal is developed as rapidly as possible, the nation will have to squander more and more of its treasure on imported oil. Domestic production of petroleum, natural gas and nuclear power cannot expand fast enough to fill the gap.

But, Schlesinger's words to the contrary, Washington has not yet demonstrated to industry that it can or ought to pay the costs of converting to coal.

Those costs will be enormous, particularly in the West, where utilities rely heavily on oil- and gas-fired plants. Nationwide, Chase Econometrics calculates that by 1985 the total cost of converting old oil- or gas-burning plants might reach \$60 billion. That figure does not include the cost of constructing new coal-fired plants, since many of those factories would have to be built anyway, whatever fuel was used to power them—but the cost will nonetheless be huge.

Much of the expenditure will have to go for pollution-control equipment, which can add anywhere from 15% to 40% to the construction and operating costs of a coal-fired plant. Yet no matter how much money is spent, a study by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare warns, burning coal on the scale that Carter contemplates will make the air dirtier. HEW officials think the danger can be kept to a minimum by strict adherence to federal clean-air, safety and waste-disposal standards, but concern persists—with reason. Reacting to it, Washington is virtually certain to require all coal-burning plants, even those that burn low-sulfur Western coal, to install "scrubbers" that cleanse coal smoke. That is one reason why the cost of converting to coal will be so high.

To get industry to pay the costs, the National Energy Plan—if Congress ever passes it—will take a carrot-and-stick approach: tax breaks for companies that switch to coal, extra penalty taxes on those that do not. That would surely provide some incentive. But executives must

weigh other factors as well. One reason that many utilities began using oil and gas in the first place is that coal is a cumbersome fuel to work with. For a large electric utility to stockpile a 30-day supply can easily mean having to live with more than a quarter-million tons of the stuff lying around. Worse still, when coal is burned, fully 10% of it remains behind as slag ash that must somehow be disposed of.

**I**n the wake of the winter-long U.M.W. strike, company executives must ponder the vexing question of whether they can count on uninterrupted deliveries. They are only too well aware that the tonnage produced by each worker in the older underground coal mines east of the Mississippi has been cut in half since 1969—partly because of tightened federal health and safety standards, but also because of incessant wildcat strikes by U.M.W. locals. The union-wide walkout, which ended with no assurance against future wildcats, dramatized the trouble.

In the long run, the atrocious relations between the U.M.W. and Eastern mine operators will be a dwindling source of difficulty. By far the greater part of the increase in coal output called for by the National Energy Plan will have to come from the newer, highly mechanized strip mines of the West, where giant shovels simply scrape off the surface rocks and dirt, exposing the coal—and where the U.M.W. has never gained a foothold. There, productivity is soaring. But raging battles over environmental and land-use issues cast doubt over how fast even the Western mines will be allowed to dig coal.

Land-reclamation procedures that re-



cent laws require miners to follow have already added 5% per ton to the price of strip-mined coal. And mine operators do not know what they will have to do to comply with the 1977 federal Surface Mining Control and Reclamation Act. Reason: states have yet to draft the all-important administrative regulations that the law leaves up to them. When they do, Western strip-mine owners fear, up to 80% of the region's strippable tonnage will be ruled off limits. That would happen if states adopted the broadest possible definition of what constitutes an "alluvial valley," where no strip mining is allowed because it might make impossible the recovery of water resources. Federal officials contend that the mine operators' worries are exaggerated.

Even if strip-mine operators can keep production expanding, there is no guarantee that the coal can be shipped around the country in the quantities needed. Just to keep a 1,000-megawatt electric generator (large enough to serve a community of 100,000) supplied for 24 hours takes upwards of 10,000 tons of coal, enough to fill a freight train more than a mile long. According to a study by Pacific Power & Light Co., if all electric utilities in Oregon and Washington built nothing but coal-fired plants to meet the growth in energy demand, by the year 2000 freight trains a mile long would have to rumble through those states every 60 minutes, day and night, carrying nothing but coal.

Could the railroads move that much coal and still be able to ship agricultural products, lumber and other freight? A Department of Transportation study estimates that the railroads would have to spend \$10 billion between now and 1985 to upgrade their aging railbeds and rolling stock. That may seem excessive, but no one will really know just what shape the nation's railbeds are actually in until freight trains hauling millions of tons of coal begin hurtling along them every day in the 1980s.

Slurry pipelines through which crushed coal and water can be pumped underground for hundreds or even thousands of miles could solve much of the problem. But such pipelines eventually have to cross railroad tracks, and the railroads have been able to block their con-

struction by refusing to grant right-of-way easements. Many farmers oppose slurries because the pipelines would siphon off large amounts of water that are badly needed for irrigation in the parched West. A bill now in Congress would force the railroads to provide the easements.

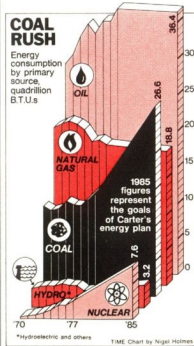
**A**dding up the pluses and minuses, a number of utilities are coming around to the view that a mix of different energy sources and an increased emphasis on conservation are preferable to reliance on coal alone. For years, the utility industry has favored nuclear power, and now that option is beginning to look better to utility executives. Though nuclear plants are more expensive to build and inspire great public fear about safety, their operating costs are about the same as those of a coal-fired plant. Last week the Supreme Court gave the nuclear alternative more appeal. It issued a unanimous ruling that sharply restricts

the ability of intervenors to delay interminably the construction of a nuclear plant by filing lawsuits after the plant has been licensed by federal and state authorities.

The nation indeed may need more nuclear power, but it also needs coal in approximately the quantities Carter envisages. Technology may eventually help to get it. If the prices of natural gas and oil rise enough to make the effort pay off, processes exist to change coal into synthetic gas and oil to drive cars, heat homes and run factories. The Government is already planning guaranteed loans and funds for research and development to push along research efforts already being pushed by private companies.

For the immediate future, though, coal's role in the nation's economy remains tied to its conventional uses. The trouble in exploiting those to the fullest, summarizes Otes Bennett Jr., president of Cleveland's big North American Coal Corp., is that "it's foolish to talk about doubling production until the demand is there. So far, the conversion of industry and utilities to burning coal just hasn't happened." Nor will it happen until the Administration clears up the confusion surrounding its goals.

The target of 1.2 billion tons of coal by 1985 may be overly optimistic, but production and use of roughly 1 billion tons is feasible. To get it, the Administration should vigorously back the slurry-pipeline bill and, more important, signal unmistakably that it will not let bureaucrats draft strip-mining or clean-air regulations so restrictive that they thwart the goals of Carter's energy plan. If it does that, utilities, railroads and industry generally can probably raise even the huge sums of money necessary to convert to coal, and they will have an incentive to do so. Unfortunately, the Administration has let the impression get around that, in the biting words of Kenneth Ch'uan-K'ai Leung, a coal analyst with the Wall Street investment firm Smith Barney, Harris Upham & Co.: "President Carter is anxious to use more coal as long as it isn't mined or burned." While that impression lasts, the nation's most abundant energy resource will be neither mined nor burned in the quantities necessary.





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## Economy & Business

# Carter Takes On Inflation—At Last

*Small but concrete steps are meant to set a federal example*

**T**his week, barring a last-minute change of plans, President Jimmy Carter was to make his first substantive statement about an issue that suddenly has become the nation's No. 1 worry: inflation. In a speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington, Carter was also to discuss some of the nation's other pressing economic problems: energy and the fall in value of the dollar overseas. But the stress was to be on combatting the rise in prices that threatens to undermine all the achievements of the Administration in promoting economic growth and reducing unemployment.

As Carter put it last week in a kind of warmup talk to the Communications Workers of America at a White House reception, "The inflation rate is creeping up. And unless we stand firm, cut out waste, have a sound economy, stabilize the dollar, have the energy package passed, cut down unnecessary spending and hold down the budget deficit, we are all going to be robbed of the [economic] improvements we made with your help during the last year."

That this week's speech was to be made at all constitutes something of a victory for Carter's economic advisers—and for reality—over his political counselors, who have been arguing that anything the President might do about inflation would offend powerful constituencies. Nonetheless, the speech would probably be no bombshell. Rather than outline a comprehensive, drastic policy, Carter was expected to announce a series of small but symbolic, and concrete, steps that the Government would take in order to set an example of anti-inflationary restraint for the rest of the nation. Some probable highlights of the talk:

► A pledge to hold the federal budget for fiscal 1979 within the targeted \$60 billion range. That would at least imply a threat to veto any spending bill that seems likely to push the deficit higher. Leading candidate for a Presidential turnaround: a

farm bill that would pay grain and cotton farmers subsidies on an escalating scale for keeping land out of production. The prices that Americans pay for food are likely to rise 6% to 8% this year; the Administration calculates that the farm bill would tack perhaps another three points onto that increase. The bill cleared a House-Senate conference two weeks ago, and whether the President would mention it specifically in his speech was uncertain. But at a White House breakfast last week, Carter told congressional

Frank Fitzsimmons has announced that he will shoot for a similar increase when the truckers negotiate next year. Said Fitzsimmons: "You think I'm going to the table for anything less? Somebody's got to be crazy!"

► A confession that many well-intentioned federal regulatory efforts contribute to inflation by raising industries' costs, and a pledge to change. Carter is considering several regulatory reforms suggested by Barry Bosworth, head of the Council on Wage and Price Stability (see

box), including the opening of more federally owned timberland to cutting by private companies in order to increase the supplies of lumber and thereby hold down those prices. Which of the specific reforms, if any, Carter would announce in his speech remained unclear: as usual, the President was reserving decision until the last moment. But his direction was not in doubt.

► A renewed plea to unions and industry to hold down wage-price boosts, at least implying more frequent and vigorous Administration jawboning of offenders. The Administration last week did

score a preliminary jawboning victory. After President Carter himself and some other officials had denounced as inflationary an average \$10.50-a-ton price increase by U.S. Steel, the company announced that it would peak back to be "competitive" with other steelmakers that raised prices only \$5.50 a ton.

One thing that decidedly will not be in the program is any rollback of giant Social Security tax increases already legislated to take effect beginning next year. The House Democratic caucus voted last week to press for a reduction—mostly out of simple fear of voter anger, but also on the well-justified philosophical ground that the tax is inflationary (it will raise businessmen's payroll costs, and the increase will be passed on in higher prices). Carter, however, just does not want to reopen the subject. He told congressional leaders last week



CLONES

leaders that he will veto the bill if it reaches his desk.

► An announcement that the 6% pay increase scheduled this fall for 1.4 million federal civilian employees and 2 million military personnel will be trimmed to 5.5%. Not only that, says one Treasury official, but "you can look for him to call on state and local governments to do the same thing." All Carter's advisers agree that the President must scale down the federal pay raise if he is to have any hope of getting unions in the private sector to take his pleas for wage-price restraint seriously; federal workers are widely believed to be overfed and underworked. And the threat of escalating wage demands has become very real in the wake of the boost in pay and benefits—estimated as high as 39% over three years—that the White House swallowed as the price of ending the coal strike. Teamster President

## Economy & Business

that doing so would be "a very serious mistake."

Carter's plans could scarcely be called either a drastic or a comprehensive program. Cartoonists already are comparing Carter's anti-inflation approach to Gerald Ford's ineffective WIN (for Whip Inflation Now) program—an overly ballyhooed melange of tax recommendations and pleas for restraint in buying that was quickly scuttled because of the deepening recession. But the outlines of Carter's plan, if they hold, do at least constitute a

useful recognition that the Government must begin any attack on inflation by getting its own house in order.

Action of some sort is surely needed. The Government reported last week that wholesale prices in March rose at an annual rate of 7.4%—seemingly encouraging, since the February rate had been a staggering 14%. But the increase for the whole first quarter ran at an annual rate of 9.6%, within reach of the double-digit range that separates merely unacceptable from runaway inflation. G. William Miller, the new chairman of the Federal Re-

serve Board, projects that inflation for the year is likely to average 6.5% to 7%, a higher forecast than the Administration's official prediction, but one that seems more likely to be right.

Unemployment increased slightly to 6.2% of the labor force in March, from 6.1% in February, but the rise was insignificant. Moreover, economic growth is likely to rebound sharply in the second quarter after a winter lull caused by snowstorms and the coal strike. The threat to the economy is less stagflation than plain old inflation. ■

## Boy-Wonder Bosworth

He is not yet 36, looks ten years younger, and would seem quite at home shooting the breeze with some economics professor at a Harvard graduate seminar. That is a serious problem for Barry Bosworth, director of President Carter's Council on Wage and Price Stability (COWPS). Middle-aged business leaders take one look at him and wonder whether he is old enough for even a one-martini lunch. They need not worry. For one thing, Bosworth is a seasoned economist (a year on the staff of Lyndon Johnson's Council of Economic Advisers and six years with the Brookings Institution). More important, he is also the man most responsible for getting the White House moving on anti-inflation policy. The surprising thing is that as director of COWPS since last summer, he has done it from a position of no statutory policymaking power at all.

Ever since it was set up by Gerald Ford in 1974, COWPS has been something of a no-account backwater in the Washington bureaucracy. Its role is limited by law to watching the wage and price activities of industry and the spending programs of Government. When either area shows signs of adding to inflation, COWPS can do little more than send a memo to the White House and hope that someone will read it. Under Bosworth, the council's formal powers remain negligible but the new director has infused COWPS with a sense of urgency it never had before.

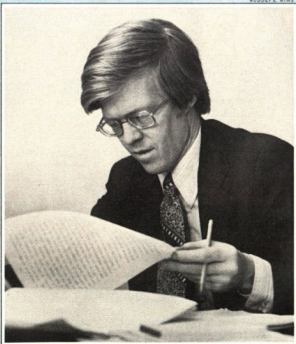
Scarcely a week goes by without a new Bosworth inflation alert landing on the President's desk. His memos have attacked the nation's doctors for raising their fees 50% more than the increase in the cost of living last year. He has accused farmers of asking for crop subsidies that might create double-digit food inflation next year. He has criticized Congress—and indirectly even the White House—for appearing to cave in to the farmers'

demands. Bosworth has also become an effective jawboner. Two weeks ago, he masterminded the Administration's successful effort to prevent the nation's steelmakers from following U.S. Steel in its attempt to raise prices far beyond what would have been justified by the settlement won by striking coal miners. His tactic—phoning U.S. Steel's competitors and persuading them to announce smaller increases—forced U.S. Steel to roll back its own hike. Bosworth's 20 COWPS officials have now begun gathering cost data to give the council a clear picture of just how much prices can be hiked by any major industry without speeding up inflation.

Married and the father of two sons, aged nine and five, Bosworth used to devote himself to hobbies of woodworking and making hand crafted stained glass. He gets little time for those pastimes these days; most often he is seen heading home from his office weighed down with stacks of inflation statistics. He sees voluntary wage-price restraint by unions and management as the only way to check inflation. But he thinks that there is no chance to get that cooperation unless

the Government sets a convincing example. Says Bosworth: "If you're going to harangue others to show restraint, you first must show restraint yourself. This Government must first clean its own hands."

That was the burden of a 15-page memo that Bosworth sent around to top Administration officials last month, outlining a number of concrete steps the White House could take to get its own affairs in order. The best evidence of Bosworth's rising influence is that nearly all his suggestions now appear in the Cabinet-level decision paper on anti-inflation policy that is sitting on the President's desk. Says a White House aide: "Within the Administration his talents are well recognized. It's outside that he has problems. The presidents of these big corporations don't want to deal with anybody unless he's at the top of the heap." The President of the United States seems to be an exception.

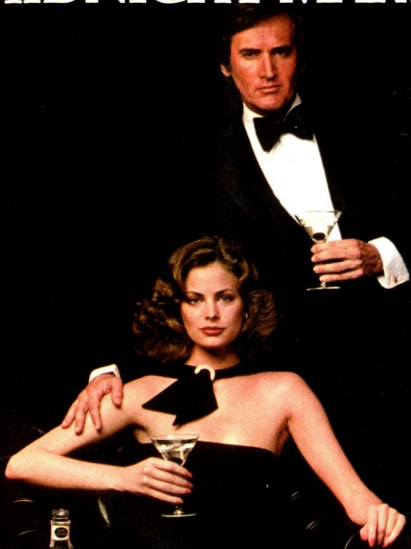


Barry Bosworth, chief of the Council on Wage and Price Stability  
*Old enough to attack inflation over a one-martini lunch.*

When you've got the world on a string...



# THE SEAGRAM'S GIN MIDNIGHT MARTINI.



Add a black olive to your martini  
made with Seagram's Extra Dry Gin,  
the real secret behind the perfect martini.



**Seagram's Extra Dry. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.**

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# Billion-Dollar Week for Jetliners

*Pan Am picks a U.S. model, while Eastern goes European*

Time has not been kind to U.S. airlines. Poor financial health has robbed some of the biggest carriers of vitality in recent years, limiting their ability to replace aging, noisy, fuel-inefficient aircraft, some of them two decades old. But now passenger traffic is up, some lines are reporting profits or lower losses, and not much time is left to start replacing obsolescent airplanes—so the big carriers have begun moving on aircraft purchases that could total \$80 billion by the end of the 1980s. Last week two lines signed deals for \$1.3 billion, the first sizable jet buys since the airlines' fat years of the 1960s. Pan American World Airways ordered \$500 million worth of wide-bodied L-1011-500 TriStars from California's Lockheed Corp. Eastern Airlines handed the Europeans an important victory over U.S. planemakers by closing a \$778 million package deal to buy 19 A300-B4 minijumbos from Airbus Industrie, a French-German-Spanish consortium. That will be the biggest U.S. purchase of European aircraft ever.

The orders brought delight to beautiful downtown Burbank, Lockheed's headquarters, and to Airbus Industrie's offices in cities across Europe. At Lockheed, which almost went bankrupt a few years ago, partly because of long production delays and lagging sales of the TriStar, happy executives called the Pan Am order for a dozen planes, plus an option for 14 more in the mid-1980s, the "order of the century." Johnson's Bakery, near Lockheed's offices, whipped up a cake with an icing decoration of a high-flying TriStar. Nora Winant, secretary to Richard Taylor, Lockheed's chief negotiator in the sale, hung Pan Am travel posters and blue-and-white streamers in a paneled executive conference room, which became the site for a party.

In Europe, the response was more restrained, even though Airbus Industrie had pushed so hard for the sale to Eastern that it lent the airline four A300s to test on some of its U.S. runs. Sniffed Jochen Eichen of Deutsche Airbus G.M.B.H., the German wedge of the Airbus Industrie polyglot: "The sale to Eastern does not mean life or death for the Airbus. All it means is that the operation may become profitable more quickly."

In Great Britain, though, there was shop-floor cheering at the factories of Rolls-Royce, whose advanced RB.211 engines will power Pan Am's TriStars. To Rolls, Pan Am's initial order means \$218.5 million in sales and an even richer psychological reward. Start-up costs for the RB.211 pushed the famous automaker into bankruptcy and its jet-engine operation into nationalization in 1971. Sir Kenneth Keith, 61, chairman of Rolls-

Royce Ltd., believes that the future of the RB.211 program has been enhanced by the Pan Am deal. Said he: "It has been a cliffhanger. Six months ago, I would not have given even money on it. But now it's in the bag—absolutely."

The competition was indeed intense as the Europeans and U.S. companies wooed the big airlines. One morning in Miami, a group of Airbus salesmen arrived at Eastern Chairman Frank Borman's office just in time to meet a gaggle of Lockheed salesmen coming out. One Airbus salesman had to cross the Atlantic four times in one week. Ultimately, said Pan Am Chairman William T. Seawell, the "objective was to select the best economic fit for Pan Am's route systems and operations."

Ultimately, too, the prizes went to the planemakers who offered the most tempting financial terms. In part, Pan American will pay for its TriStars with loans backed by Britain's Export Credits Guarantee Department, an agency similar to the U.S. Export-Import Bank. That twist was made possible by Rolls-Royce's role as engine supplier. Pan Am will get loans from Citibank and other U.S. and European backers. Eastern's Borman put together a financing package consisting partly of \$250 million in loans arranged

by Airbus Industrie from European banks and guaranteed by several European government agencies. Airbus also will lend Eastern about \$96 million.

Though the planes are expensive (about \$40 million each for the TriStar, more than \$25 million each for the Airbus), Eastern and Pan Am see them as tools for profit. The 240-passenger A300, though slightly larger than what Eastern needs for most of its medium-range, high-density routes, is regarded by Borman as a vehicle that will help wipe out the line's debt of nearly \$1 billion. Main reason: fuel economy. In test runs, the A300 has cut fuel bills by as much as 30%. Pan Am, after extensive tests, figured that the L-1011 was 8% to 10% more economical on its long hauls than its nearest competitor, McDonnell Douglas' DC-10, and 14% cheaper to run than Boeing's 747.

Boeing, the world's leading supplier of airliners, and McDonnell Douglas were upstaged by last week's deals. It seems that both companies have not moved fast enough to capture the new markets: Boeing has announced new, more economical jets that will not be available until the 1980s. U.S. executives also grumble that "France Inc."—meaning the Airbus consortium—is unfairly using vast government subsidies to compete against the long-dominant American aircraft industry. But neither Boeing nor McDonnell Douglas seems worried. United, TWA and American have still to be heard from—and, with a large part of the U.S. air fleet to be replaced, there should be more than enough business for everyone. ■



Europe's Airbus Industrie's A300 jetliner on an Eastern test flight last fall



Lockheed Corp.'s L-1011 TriStar ordered last week by Pan American World Airways

*Expensive tools for profitability in the wild blue yonder of the next decade.*

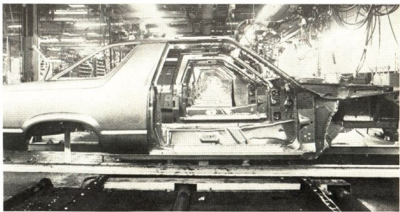
## Economy & Business

### Recovering from Frostbite

*Auto sales are thawing out*

**W**hen auto executives made their annual sales forecasts last year, they reached a consensus that more than 11 million cars would be sold during the 1978 model-year. Then they spent the winter chewing their nails; as snowstorms ravaged the Midwest and Northeast, sales fell to an annual rate of around 10 million. Now the prognosticators of Detroit think they are being vindicated. Though a downturn in the last ten days kept March sales from catching up to those in the same month a year earlier, they came within 1.4%. Even better, sales of 883,000 U.S.-made cars and 192,000 imports during the month work out to an annual rate of 11.5 million cars. Says Lee Iacocca, the peppery president of Ford Motor Co., "We have recovered from the frostbite of January and February. March wasn't a turn-around. It was a resumption of sales. The market was there; it was buried in the snow."

Sales figures suggest that buyers are becoming more discriminating and value conscious. When General Motors in mid-March ran special sales contests, during



**Ford's plant in Mahwah, N.J., where Fairmonts and Zephyrs are assembled**

*Optimism abounds, even though inventories stand at a record 2 million vehicles.*

which dealers pare prices, sales increased dramatically. While total new-car sales were down for the first six months of the 1978 model-year, sales of compact and subcompact cars increased by 13%. The star performer at General Motors last month was the boxy Chevette; its sales were up 84%, compared with a year ago. At Ford, Mustang sales rose 14%, while the new Fairmont is a stellar seller. Ford's Iacocca puts himself in the position of a price-conscious buyer who has been out

of the market for a few years and then visits a showroom to do some tire kicking. Says he sympathetically, "It's a jolt to see what you pay."

The major sour note in the industry is Chrysler's deteriorating financial position. Sales of the compact Dodge Omni and Plymouth Horizon, the first small front-wheel-drive cars to be made in the U.S., are up to expectations. But these cars appear to be snatching some customers from Chrysler's own Volare and Aspen.

## Today, the best way to use an



**1. Return it.** Although aluminum is the most abundant metallic element in the earth's crust, aluminum cans are just too valuable to waste. So Americans are collecting them by the billions. And earning money while they're at it.



**2. Remelt it.** Aluminum cans are shipped to Alcoa from collection points all around the country. They're melted down and formed into new aluminum sheet.

In the last quarter of 1977, Chrysler suffered an operating loss of \$49.7 million, compared with an operating profit of \$119.2 million in the 1976 period. This year's first quarter probably wound up in the red too because the company's share of the total U.S. market has slipped (to 11.3% in March) and foreign operations are producing mounting losses. Standard & Poors has downgraded the company's bond rating, and a group of anti-management stockholders anticipates that the 90c-per-share dividend will be eliminated. Besides conserving cash and issuing 20 million shares of a new preferred stock this year, Chrysler may sell off some of its money-losing operations. Reason: it must spend \$7.5 billion over the next five years to modernize North American plants and develop new models.

**W**ith another six months of the model-year ahead, only the most cockeyed optimist would feel certain that the present strong industry sales trend will continue. But auto executives are ever positive. The fact that dealer inventories are at an alltime record of more than 2 million cars does not bother them. "That's about a 60-day supply, which is normal, given the present selling rate," says Pontiac General Manager Alex Mair. To demonstrate their confidence, the car-makers have scheduled production of some 850,000 vehicles this month, the highest for the industry in any April. ■

## Taking It Back

*Corrective ads for Listerine*

**I**n promotions stretching back to 1921, Warner-Lambert has asserted that its Listerine mouthwash helps prevent colds and sore throats. Last week that claim was finally snuffed out by a fatal regulatory infection called truth in advertising. The Supreme Court declined to review a lower court decision upholding a 1975 Federal Trade Commission order: the company must not only stop making the claim but specifically advertise that it is not true. In its next \$10 million worth of Listerine ads—about a year's budget—Warner-Lambert must insert this statement: "Listerine will not help prevent colds or sore throats or lessen their severity." In the course of its review, which began in 1972, the FTC found that Listerine was no more effective in combating colds than warm water. Doubtless Warner-Lambert will bury the admission as inconspicuously as possible in an declaring that Listerine does cure bad breath—another old claim.

Nonetheless, last week's Supreme Court refusal to review the order is a significant boost for the FTC. The agency in the past seven years has forced other companies to run "corrective" ads asserting in effect that their previous ads made false claims. Companies bowing to such orders

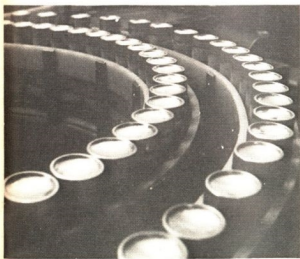


Listerine's confidently worded labels

*Truth by fiat for millions of users.*

include ITT, Continental Baking for Profile bread (whose claimed fewer calories per slice, the FTC charged, was attained simply by making its slices thinner), Ocean Spray for cranberry juice and Amstar for Domino sugar. All signed consent decrees. Warner-Lambert was the first to ask the courts to rule that it did not have to take back its previous claims. Now that it has definitively lost, says a jubilant FTC staffer, "I think we will see more corrective ads in the future." ■

# aluminum can is to use it again.



**3. Remake it.** Brand new cans can be made from the recycled aluminum. Recycling saves 95 percent of the energy needed to make new metal from bauxite.



**4. Reuse it.** There's a lot to like about aluminum cans. They're easy to handle. Easy to chill. Easy to open, too. And since aluminum cans are recyclable, they keep coming back for more. For more information write Alcoa, 601-D Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

**We can't wait for tomorrow.**

**ALCOA**



Traders scramble on New York's Commodity Exchange, a target for policing by the CFTC

## Commodities Cop Cannonaded

*But the CFTC will probably survive "sunset"*

No federal agency has been the butt of such angry cannonades as the Commodity Futures Trading Commission. The CFTC, formed in 1975 to police the trading of commodity futures following widespread charges of price fixing, fraud and manipulation of customers' accounts, deserves a lot of criticism. As a notorious example, it took the commission almost a year to discover that "James Carr," who is alleged to have bilked customers of perhaps \$25 million by selling bogus option contracts, was actually an escaped convict named Alan Abrahams.

In a venomous attack on Commission Chairman William T. Bagley, Missouri Senator Thomas Eagleton summed up Washington opinion this way: "The agency is one of the most screwed up in the whole Federal Government. You're working your way up the hit parade for ineptitude and inefficiency." The CFTC had the bad luck to be the first group subjected to a "sunset" law that requires new federal agencies to justify periodically their continued existence. There is some talk in Congress of letting the commission die when its charter expires Sept. 30 and giving some of its policing functions to the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Department of Agriculture.

That is unlikely. Commodities trading is a booming business. Last year the value of commodities contracts traded hit \$1 trillion, or five times the volume of all stocks and bonds that changed hands. And the CFTC is at last getting tough. Last week it ordered a ban as of June 1 on commodity options trading—characterized by Bagley as "the worst lie-by-day, fly-by-night operation in the financial world."

Unlike commodity futures, which are contracts that give an investor the right to deliver or receive gold, cotton, pork bellies or whatever on a set date at a fixed price, commodity options are purely paper investments giving the buyer the right to purchase a future, gambling on how

much prices rise or fall. In the U.S., such options have had the tempting flavor of forbidden fruit. Since the 1930s, trading in some 100 types of options, mainly agricultural products, has not been allowed on U.S. exchanges. But in recent years some inventive firms began selling in the U.S. options supposedly traded in London (some were; some weren't). Usually business was drummed up by fast-talking telephone solicitors telling sugarplum tales of immense profits. The day the ban was announced, the CFTC said it was investigating 30 of the 40 or so companies now dealing in options.

In the opinion of many commodities dealers, the CFTC's ban is overkill because it would apply not only to the hucksters but to such respected New York City firms as Moccata Metals and Bache Halsey Stuart Shields, which sell options on gold, silver and other metals futures. Senator Walter Huddleston of Kentucky will soon introduce legislation to permit the sale of options, but only by firms that have a net worth of \$10 million or more and fully disclose costs, commissions and fees.

On the broader question of the CFTC's lamentable regulatory record so far, critics charge simple incompetence and lassitude. Bagley retorts that the CFTC is just too small to do its job properly. He notes that the SEC, which polices stock and bond trading, has a staff of 1,955 and a budget of \$58 million; CFTC has a staff of 440 and a budget of only \$13 million. Says Bagley bitterly: "We have 26 investigators for ten markets. The Bethesda police department has that many on duty at night." The CFTC currently wants \$900,000 more a year to hire an additional 60 inspectors.

It might get them too: there is considerable sentiment in both Congress and the industry to strengthen and reform the agency rather than kill it. Says Lee Berendt, president of the Commodity Exchange Inc., the world's largest metals fu-

tures exchange: "We believe the industry needs a commission, but it has lacked funds, suffers from poor management and has been afflicted by a lack of continuity in policy because of staff turnovers." Those turnovers will continue; Bagley will resign some time after the sunset review, however it goes.

## Tapping the Till

*Berner eyes Kennecott cash*

Takeover artists are often suspected of wanting to tap the till of the target company, but hardly any ever admit it—let alone boast about it. An exception is T. Roland Berner, chairman of Curtiss-Wright, who is campaigning to unseat directors of Kennecott Copper and install his own board in a shareholder election May 2. In the most unusual proxy statement in recent years, Berner last week vowed that if Curtiss-Wright gets control, it will distribute some \$660 million of Kennecott's assets to stockholders—who prominently include Curtiss-Wright. It owns 3.3 million Kennecott shares, or nearly 10% of the total.

Curtiss-Wright told Kennecott's shareholders that it would raise most of the money by having Kennecott sell Carbonyl, for \$567 million or a bit less. Berner would make up the rest by dipping into Kennecott's \$140 million in cash and securities, and perhaps by having Kennecott borrow against a \$400 million promissory note.

Money in hand, Curtiss-Wright might have Kennecott make a cash distribution of some \$20 a share to its own stockholders. In that case, Curtiss-Wright would get back \$66 million on Kennecott stock that it paid around \$77 million to buy. Berner's preferred alternative is to have Kennecott buy back half its 33.1 million outstanding shares for about \$40 each—including half the stock that Curtiss-Wright bought for an average \$23.42 a share. Other Kennecott stockholders might find Berner's plans attractive. Kennecott management is sure to find them a tempting target for that old pejorative: raid.



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# Cinema

## Even an Oscar Would Weep

MADAME ROSA Directed and Written by Moshe Mizrahi

She slumps up the tenement stairs, leaking sighs, an old, sick, fat woman with an elastic bandage on one leg. Can this really be Simone Signoret, the stunning actress who won a 1959 Oscar for her role as Laurence Harvey's lover in *Room at the Top*? Yes. Time is a carion-eating bird, and this is what appears left of Signoret, 57, unrecognizable except for those cat's eyes. She is cast all too convincingly as a broken-down ex-hooker who squeezes out a living in a seedy quarter of Paris by being a foster grandmother for prostitutes' children. Blink twice, and Brooke Shields will be playing the part.

*Madame Rosa* won an Oscar last week as the best foreign film of 1977, but the honor seems slightly askew. Director Moshe Mizrahi's film is so unashamedly a vehicle for a grand old actress that the award might better have been made by *Motor Trend* magazine. Signoret is marvelous as the lovable old baggage. Samy Ben Youb is luminous as Momo, the 14-year-old Arab boy who sticks with Madame Rosa to the end. Claude Dauphin is gallant as the indomitable old doctor who tends Rosa, and who is himself so rickety that he must be carried up to her room when he makes his house calls.

The trouble is that Director Mizrahi, an Israeli whose credits include *The House on Chelouche Street*, has not found a way to turn this fine acting into a movie. Watching *Madame Rosa* is like spending an interesting couple of hours at an actors' workshop on an afternoon when everyone is noodling with death scenes. One

reason the film lacks conviction is that the script is loaded with melodrama. Rosa is not simply a dear old party, she is made to be a survivor of Auschwitz, an agnostic Jew who clings to the ceremonies of her religion in a basement shrine. Momo is not just an abandoned child; he is the son (as one of the film's stagier scenes reveals) of a psychotic pimp who murdered the child's prostitute mother. Momo and Rosa not only get a little help from their friends, they are supported by a black transsexual whore who displays the customary heart of gold.

This flabbiness spoils a considerable effort to look clearly at the defeats of old age. A courageous old boarder in Rosa's house simply collapses and dies. Rosa knows that her mind is slipping into senility. The boy Momo, caught in the erratic currents of adolescence, tries to puzzle out these shabby indignities. When the film sees life through his eyes, its strengths begin to cohere. There is no discredit to Signoret in speculating that *Madame Rosa* would have made better artistic sense if it had been called *Momo*, and if it had given most of its attention to the life that was beginning, not the one that had all but ended.

—John Skow

## A Blown Seed

THE FIRST TIME  
Directed and Written by  
Claude Berri

Claude is nearly 17, and the only thing in his head is, to employ a euphemism, girls. Like every teen-age male in creation, he sees the world through a spermy haze, a green fog of concupiscence. He runs after girls in the street, and when he overtakes one, doesn't know where to put his eyes, his hands, his conversation. He is quite normal.

Though nonsense of this kind is timeless, the farce is set in Paris in 1952, and it is clear that Director Claude Berri regards *The First Time*, like his earlier films *The Two of Us* and *Marry Me, Marry Me*, as a roguish memoir. The mighty engines of nostalgia come into play as male viewers in their 40s, harassed by their own teen-age children and the spores of mid-life fungus, look backward with Berri. It is a rueful pleasure to watch Claude and his randy school friends stumble rubber-kneed after anything in skirts. The viewer smiles to himself and thinks, "My God, yes, it really was that crazy."

Female viewers may respond with anything from detached amusement to fury, because the film is utterly and bliss-



Looking at porn in *The First Time*  
Something to do with the generative urge.

fully sexist. If a defense must be advanced for this undiplomatic realism, it is that Claude is as helpless as a blown seed. This prank of nature is the comedy's single but sufficient joke.

What is especially likable about the film is that Claude (Alain Cohen) is neither haunted nor hypersensitive, as teenagers customarily are in memoirs. He is a fairly good sort. His father, lost in the swamp of his mid-40s, can't quite figure out what's wrong with him. But he senses that the problem has something to do with the generative urge. He speaks with love of his marriage to Claude's mother, and it is clear that the love that is evident within the family has given Claude enough ballast to steady him a bit. The movie's final frames show Claude not with a girlfriend but at a family picnic, watching his father and little sister play catch with a beach ball. The point is small, but not hard to see: for better or worse, the boy shown here will be a father, long after he has stopped brooding about being a lover.

—J.S.

## Skinned Knees

SKATEBOARD  
Directed by George Gage  
Screenplay by Richard A. Wolf  
and George Gage

Skateboarding is potentially a lovely subject for a movie. All those healthy, graceful kids whirling around on alarming little platforms on wheels; the opportunities for handsome photography and creative editing appear to be endless. Unfortunately, this first attempt to capitalize on a fad that has become a sport realizes almost none of that potential.

The blame for the failure must be



Ben Youb and Signoret in *Rosa*  
With help from their friends.

equally divided between a feebly developed script and stupefying direction. The basic story is a *Bad News Bears* knock-off. A down-on-his-luck Hollywood talent agent (Allen Garfield) becomes fascinated by skateboarding kids as he commutes to and from the unemployment office. He decides to organize a team to put on exhibitions and enter the competitions that are a growing part of this phenomenon. Pressed by a gambler to pay off a debt, he unpleasantly pushes the kids, loses his star on the eve of the big downhill race but sees the substitute come from behind to win.

Garfield works hard, not to say desperately in this role, but the film's writers do not develop his relationship with his team beyond the whining and hectoring stage, and there is nothing touching or comic in their pointless dialogue. The youngsters' characters are hardly sketched in at all. A possible romance between Garfield and the team's nurse-chaperone (Kathleen Lloyd) is also left hanging vaguely in air. The team's adventures on the road are neither funny nor harrowing. Even the racing scenes are suspenselessly developed to resemble all the other skateboarding sequences; nowhere is there any pace, style or excitement. One can only hope that this bad, visibly cheap film will not entirely preempt further explorations of a curious little world. There is still a good movie in it somewhere.

—Richard Schickel

## Small Snooze

THE BIG SLEEP

Directed and Written by  
Michael Winner

What a botch *The Big Sleep* is! First, it is an entirely unnecessary movie. Howard Hawks adapted Raymond Chandler's classic detective story 30-odd years ago and he did it right: Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall played the leading roles and Chandler's essential mood, at once cynical, gloomy and absurdist, remained intact. As that film is available on TV and in memory's theater, there is no reason to try to duplicate it. There is absolutely no reason to rip Chandler's immortal gumshoe, Philip Marlowe, from his natural milieu, Los Angeles in its corrupt years as an emerging metropolis, and relocate him uneasily in, of all places, London.

Doubtless this decision had something to do with the new film's financing, which is British, but it is a disastrous one. There was an enthusiastic, obsessional air about the crookedness Marlowe used to encounter in L.A. The weirdos he kept turning up in his cases sensed that the American dream had newly relocated there, and everyone was feverishly intent on grabbing his share—getting in on the ground floor, as it were. Good, gray London hasn't been like that since Will Shakespeare's day—or anyway, Charles Dickens'—and the correlation between



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## Cinema

landscape and Chandler's characters simply does not exist.

And character is everything in Chandler's work. The plot of *The Big Sleep* is impossibly convoluted, turning ever more tightly in on itself as blackmail schemes keep multiplying. It represents a deliberate attempt by the author to cancel out, perhaps even parody, conventional detective story suspense. The idea was to hold the reader's interest with mood, dialogue and above all eccentric, not to say grotesque people. The fact that Writer-Director Winner has been more "faithful" to Chandler's story line than Hawks and his writers (among them, William Faulkner) is no virtue at all. What matters is being faithful to Chandler's singular vision, and that requires acts of cinematic imagination that are beyond the reach of the crude craftsman whose



**Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe**  
*Character is everything.*

biggest previous success was *Death Wish*.

In earlier works Winner sometimes demonstrated a certain vulgar energy, but even that has congealed as he respectfully confronts this "classic," and he seems to have communicated only that to his actors. As Marlowe, Robert Mitchum seems merely weary. Sarah Miles and Candy Clark, as the rich, spoiled and sexy sisters who inspire so much greed in others, as well as James Stewart, Oliver Reed, Richard Boone, John Mills, Joan Collins and Edward Fox, as assorted villains, victims and cops, all seem to be doing turns in a variety show rather than acting in an intelligently integrated drama. The result is a movie that lurches unsteadily from scene to scene. *The Big Sleep* is just another snooze.

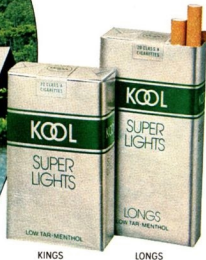
—R.S.



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## Milestones

**SEEKING DIVORCE.** Phyllis George, 28, former Miss America (1971) turned television sportscaster; from Robert Evans, 47, successful Hollywood producer (*The Godfather I and II*, *Love Story*, *Chinatown*): after eleven months of marriage, no children; in Los Angeles.

**SEEKING DIVORCE.** Jacqueline Carlin, 28, television guest actress (*Kojak*) and pitchwoman (Palmolive); from Cornelius ("Chevy") Chase, 34, comedy writer and actor who rose to fame with his pratfalls on NBC's *Saturday Night Live*, after 16 months of marriage, no children; in Los Angeles.

**SEEKING DIVORCE.** Jacqueline Alline Means, 41, ebullient practical nurse and prison chaplain who gained fame by becoming the first officially ordained woman priest of the Episcopal Church on Jan. 1, 1977; from Delton Means, 48, truck driver; after 25 years of marriage, four children; in Indianapolis.

**DIED.** Stephen E. Kelly, 58, former publisher of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Holiday* and *McCall's* and advertising sales director of *TIME* (1963-64), who fought rising U.S. postal rates of the early 1970s as president of the Magazine Publishers Association; of cancer; in Manhattan.

**DIED.** Ray Noble, 71, British bandleader, composer and later comedian who stirred as much attention in the 1930s with the clear fidelity of his discs as with his smooth, glossy jazz style; of cancer; in London. Noble used a cavernous sound studio to capture a new resonance when he recorded his popular songs (*Goodnight, Sweetheart*; *By the Fireside*; *The Very Thought of You*), then became an English stooge on American radio with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

**DIED.** Nicolas Nabokov, 74, composer, author and witty raconteur who hobnobbed with the top musicians of his generation; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. A Russian-born cousin of the late novelist Vladimir Nabokov, he got mixed reviews from critics for his flashy ballet scores (*Don Quixote*, *Ode*). But he won universal acclaim from the arts world as an organizer of international music festivals in Rome, Tokyo and Paris during the 1950s and early '60s. Nabokov also had a career as an urbane social chronicler (*Old Friends and New Music*, *Bagazh*).

**DIED.** Preston Morris Burch, 93, Thoroughbred racing trainer who worked magic with unspectacular mounts and literally wrote the book on his trade, *Training Thoroughbred Horses*; in Dunn Loring, Va. Son of a successful trainer and the father of another, Elliott Burch, he saddled the winners of 1,236 races (George Smith, White Clover II, Bold) during a career that stretched from 1920 to 1957, and his horses earned more than \$6.2 million.

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COVER STORY

# The World of Steinberg

*With a thinking pen, he has transmuted illustrations into museum pieces*



*"The life of the creative man is led, directed and controlled by boredom. Avoiding boredom is one of our most important purposes. It is also one of the most difficult, because the amusement always has to be newer and on a higher level. So we are on a kind of spiral. The higher you go, the narrower the circle. As you go ahead the field of choice becomes more meager, in terms of self-entertainment. In the end, working is good because it is the last refuge of the man who wants to be amused. Not everything that amused me in the past amuses me so much any more."*

—Saul Steinberg

The artist is 64 this year: a solid, wiry man, rabbinically delicate in gesture and as immobile in repose as a large tabby cat. For decades he has been regarded as the best cartoonist in America. Publishing mainly in *The New Yorker*—for which, to date, he has done 56 cover designs and innumerable drawings—Steinberg has erected standards of precision and graphic intelligence that had not existed in American illustration before him. "After nearly 40 years of looking at his work," remarks the magazine's editor, William Shawn, "I am still dazzled and astounded by it. His playfulness and elegance are of a sublime order."

If he is the doyen of cartoonists, Saul Steinberg is also to growing numbers of his colleagues a "serious" artist of the first rank. "In linking art to the modern consciousness," declares Art Critic Harold Rosenberg, "no artist is more relevant than Steinberg. That he remains an art-world outsider is a problem that critical thinking in art must compel itself to confront." That showdown is about to begin. This week an exhibition of 258 drawings, watercolors, paintings and assemblages by Steinberg opens at New York City's Whitney Museum, accompanied by a book (*Saul Steinberg*; Knopf; \$10.95 soft-cover) with critical appraisal of the artist by Rosenberg.

Steinberg is a loner, a cosmopolitan Jewish exile, a refugee, a man of masks, languages and doctored identities, through whom the world's multiplicity is refracted as by a prism. In America, he is both outsider and insider: only he could have dreamed up the poster that summarizes the Manhattanite's provincial view of America: Ninth and Tenth avenues wide in the foreground, a strip of Hudson River, a smaller strip of New Jersey, and in the background a few scattered cities—Los Angeles, Las Vegas, Chicago—with Japan and China in the distance.

The focus does not quite work the other way. Most Americans may never have heard of Steinberg, but the influence of that clear, epigrammatic line and dry wit has been felt throughout American design and illustration for almost two generations. Moreover, his motifs are almost subliminally recognizable: the wry face whose nose turns into a detachable line, the worried cats, the Ruritanian flourishes and curlicues, the apocalyptic scenes of street riots and urban breakdown, the setting of the bizarre commonplaces of American life in a cosmopolitan matrix. Such details of Steinberg's work constitute a signature and have subtly altered America for everyone who has seen them.

His is one of the most remarkable

oeuvres in applied art today: the product of an intelligence so finely drawn, insinuating and (at times) sadistic, so refracted in its maze of linguistic mirrors as to suggest no parallels. The best of Steinberg presents you with a master—but a master of what?

The short answer is: of writing.

Every artist finds his scale—the size of gesture proper to the image and medium he uses. "The scale of the drawing," Steinberg points out, "is given to you by the instrument you use," and pen drawings, being governed by the radius of the hand, cannot be very large. "The nib has an elasticity meant for writing, and that is why I have always used pen and ink: it is a form of writing. But unlike writing, drawing makes up its own syntax as it goes along. The line can't be reasoned in the mind. It can only be reasoned on paper." Steinberg's drawing, in all its varieties, is a form of thought.

*Ogni dipintore dipinge se.* a Renaissance maxim ran: every painter paints himself. Steinberg's peculiar achievement has been to render this maxim, pruned of all expressionist content. What obsessively concerns him is the idea that each drawing remakes its author: it is a mask. The self-made artist is one of his favorite motifs, and certainly his most famous one: a little man grasping the pen that draws him. In this "self-portrait," artist and motif are fused, locked in a permanent logical impossibility that is also an ambition of poetry: Myself I will remake.

Steinberg's work is always signaling that there are more interesting matters in art than "authenticity" in the expressionist sense. It looks beyond the man to the mask and finds there an extraordinary variety of personae, by turns bland, urbane, comic, ridiculous and distinctly threatening. The first mask of all is style itself. "I want the minimum of performance in my work," says Steinberg, a virtuoso if ever there was one. "Performance bores me. What interests me is the invention. I like to make a parody of bravura. You have to think of a lot of my work as some sort of parody of talent. Of course, parody is not an attack; you cannot parody anything you can't love. But I wish to create a fiction of skill."

Steinberg can fill a sheet with figures, each of them drawn in a different style—cubist, pointillist, child art, hatched shading, mock sculptural, hairy scribble. Léger boilerplate, art deco—and display a wide, ironic complicity with art history while making no final commitment to a "way" of drawing. The drawing works because he so obviously possesses each style. It is imitation without flattery. As a dandy, Steinberg owns all the hats in his wardrobe. A still life like *Belgian Air Mail*, 1971, is not a "cubist-type" drawing, a thing done in homage to Braque and Picasso. It is rather a drawing about cubism, seen as one stylistic mannerism among others in the art-historical supermarket.

In short, it is an act of criticism. His "postcards"—melancholy vistas of flatland and horizon, with blotchy little figures gazing at some manifestation of Nature or Culture, a pyramid or a rubber stamp masquerading as the moon—are philosophical landscapes. They are parodies of the picturesque.

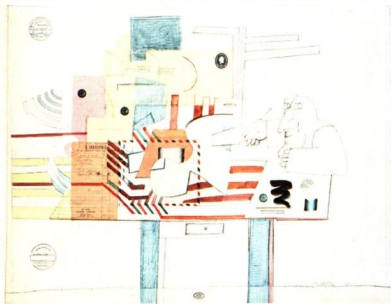
The elusive self keeps peeping through. Like the rabbit he once drew peering out of a man's eyes. Even Steinberg's cats have large meditative noses and Austro-Hungarian whiskers. The tone of his work is comic, but one's guffaw, once provoked,





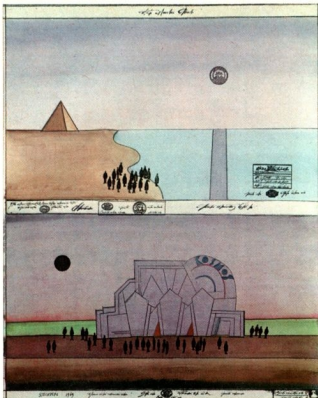


In his Manhattan home, Artist Saul Steinberg vanishes behind his portrait; below, *Belgian Air Mail*, 1971 and *Hostess Mask*, 1968



TIME, APRIL 17, 1978



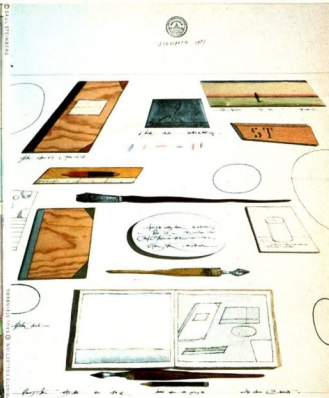


Fantasies of faraway architecture: *Egypt and Diner*, 1969

is checked by Steinberg's precision about how the self may be allowed to materialize. The artist seeks complicity with the audience, but he does it (so to speak) from the driver's seat.

There are simple drawings in Steinberg's oeuvre, but very few simple situations. He delights in apparently simple ones: the conflict between a hero and a dragon, for instance. But then we find the fight is rigged. The hero and the monster are actually partners; they have a deal: without a dragon, what can a hero do? One drawing makes this point with particular elegance: a new kind of adversary, a man with a cannon, is drawing a bead on the dragon. The hero is about to save his enemy by attacking the gunman from the rear. In another drawing, the monster has become an enormous furry rabbit. "The rabbit is as armored as the dragon," Steinberg points out. "It has the impenetrable armor of fat fluff. It is invincibly sweet. There are, you see, two sorts of danger. One is being hit by a giant boulder: the direct assault of the world. The other is being overcome by a mountain of fluff, or molasses. The softness is as dreadful as the hardness."

One does not expect social optimism from a man of Steinberg's background, and one does not get it. The U.S. that rises from some of his drawings in the 1970s is an edgy, nasty place, a theater of disaster populated by grotesques. The white paper takes on the look of Manhattan's 42nd Street in summer, bombed out by midday glare. Whores, bums, flint-faced Irish cops, frazzled black pimps, rats, crocodiles up from some imagined sewer, sirens emitting Technicolor laser blasts of sound, bulbous cars belching their exhaust smoke, an S and M homunculus encased in gilt-



The studio as souvenir: *Steinberg's Collector's Table*, 1973

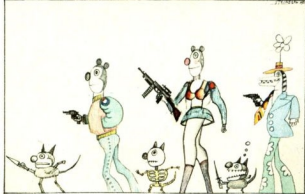
tering leather with the motto VIVAN LAS CADENAS (long live chains) worked in studs on its back—this, in Steinberg's ironic eye, is the American dream street (our equivalent of the Di Chirico piazza, repository of all unspoken fantasy) brought up to date from its origin in the Wild West movie.

One of his most cutting inventions—or adaptations—is the urban guerrilla seen as Mickey Mouse. In *Six Terrorists*, 1971, a file of them strut across the page, in aviator jackets and mini-skirts, equipped with flick knife and carbine: young bourgeois clones of affectless violence, Black Shirt, S.L.A. or *Brigata Rossa*. It is an uncannily predictive drawing. "The Mickey Mouse face," Steinberg remarks, "is sexless, neither black nor white, without character or age: for me it represents the junk-food people, the spoilt young ones who have all their experiences, inferior as they are, handed to them on a plate." An encyclopedic disgust pervades these drawings. But it is not a common emotion in Steinberg's work. In general, he is a paragon of detachment: he is, as the title of one of his books announces, the

Inspector, imperturbable, restless and nosy.

The artist who has had such a pervasive influence on the U.S. was born in Rumania, a fact he considers fortuitous. In 1914 it was "a corridor, a marginal place"—a palimpsest on which various neighbors and colonial powers (Russia, Hungary, Turkey) had left their traces. To this day, Steinberg confesses himself to be "culturally a born Levantine—my sort of country goes from the eastern outskirts of Milan all the way to Afghanistan."

He grew up in the Rumanian capital, Bucharest, then a city of about half a million people—the right size, neither



*Six Terrorists*, 1971: dangerous Disneyland's full of junk-food people

From hairy scribble to boilerplate, the dandy owns all the hats.

## Art

cramped village nor crushing megalopolis. He spoke three tongues. Rumanian, French and "the secret language of my parents." Yiddish. "Childhood," he recalls, "was very strong. It stayed like a territory, like a nation. In my childhood the days were extremely long. I was high all the time without realizing it: extremely high on elementary things, like the luminosity of the day and the smell of everything—mud, earth, humidity; the delicious smells of cellars and mold; grocers' shops."

His father Moritz was a printer, bookbinder and boxmaker. The infant Saul had the run of his workshop, which was filled with embossed paper, stamps, colored cardboard, reproductions of "museum" madonnas (literally, chocolate-box art) and type blocks. These were his toys. "I had from the beginning the large wooden type used for posters; so if later I made, for instance, a drawing of a man holding up a question mark by the ball, it's not such a great invention—it was something known to me." And so letters presented themselves to Steinberg as things, and "I have always had a theory that things represent themselves. The nature of the question mark is questionable; you always wonder how come the upper part of the question mark is always passively following the ball, whereas the top half of an exclamation point is so rigid, so arrogant and egotistical."

In adolescence he felt rather a misfit, as gifted children do. He went to high school in Bucharest—a school photo shows him at twelve, the liquid gray eyes and budding growth of a nose beneath a military cap—but, as Steinberg remembers it, "my education, my reassurance, my comportment came out of reading literature. I found my real world, and my real friends, in books." At ten, "much too early," he read Maxim Gorky; by twelve, he was devouring *Crime and Punishment*; from France, there were heavy doses of Jules Verne, Emile Zola and Anatole France, "whose boulevardier quality was amazing to me."

The biggest impression was made by an autobiographical sketch of Gorky's. It "was an excellent metaphor for how I felt. One must consider the idea of the artist as orphan, an orphaned prodigy, whose parents find him somewhere—the bulrushes, perhaps."

To pretend to be an orphan, alone, is a form of narcissism. I suppose all children have this disgusting form of self-pity; but more so the artist, who is Robinson Crusoe. He must invent his stories, his pleasures; he succeeds in reconstructing a parody of civilization from scratch. He makes himself by education, by survival, by constantly paying attention to himself, but also by creating a world around himself that hadn't existed before. The corollary of this is the desire not to end childhood. Which in turn makes for a desire not to stop growing."

He graduated from high school and enrolled as a philosophy student at the University of Bucharest. The following year, 1933, Steinberg embarked on the first of his many expatriations—to Italy, where he settled in Milan to study architecture at the Polytechnic. "It was clear to me that I could never become an architect, because of the horror of dealing with people that architecture involves. I knew it from the beginning, but I went on with it. One learned elementary things. How to sharpen a pencil. The fact was that most of my colleagues went to architecture the way I went, as a decoy or an alibi."

In fact, the influence went a good deal deeper than that, for Steinberg's later drawings would display an exceedingly refined sense of architectural convention, of the parodies of style learned by precision rendering: the sharp, etched shadows and intricately reasoned-out façades of his dream skyscrapers on the

American horizon could only have been drawn by an architectural dropout gazing with irony on his past. "You learn all the clichés of your time. My time was late cubism, via Bauhaus; our clouds came straight out of Arp, complete with a hole in the middle; even our trees were influenced by the mania for the kidney shape."

In Milan, his career as a cartoonist got under way. "I succeeded right away; I published my first drawing, and the magazine paid me for it." Living off his cartoons for *Bertoldo*, a satirical fortnightly, Steinberg in his early 20s could afford a reasonable facsimile of the boulevardier life he had read about as a child in Anatole France: buying new neckties in the Galleria, lounging in the Ristorante Biffi. "I had the rare, beautiful pleasure of making money out of something I enjoyed doing and then spending as soon as I made it. As I lunched, I knew that this was my cat—I mean my drawing of a cat—that I was consuming; followed by a tree, the moon and so forth."

But whatever the pleasures of Milan in the late '30s, the countervailing fact was that Steinberg, a Jew—and a foreign Jew at that—was living under a Fascist regime which grew more anti-Semitic by the week. He graduated as a *Dottore in Architettura* in 1940; and on his diploma, awarded in the name of Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy, King of Albania and (thanks to Mussolini and his bombers) Emperor of Ethiopia, was written "Steinberg Saul... di razza Ebraica" (of the Jewish race). "It was some kind of safeguard for the future, meaning that although I was a *dottore* I could be boycotted from practicing, since I am a Jew. The beauty for me is that this diploma was given by the King; but he is no longer King of Italy. He is no more King of Albania. He is not even the Emperor of Ethiopia. And I am no architect. The only thing that remains is *razza Ebraica*."

It was time to go. In 1941 Steinberg left Italy for a neutral country, Portugal, and after some alterations with the authorities there, he managed to get on a boat to America, armed with a "slightly fake" passport that he had doctored with his own rubber stamp. It got him to, but not past, Ellis Island. The quota for Rumanian immigrants was minuscule, and Steinberg was over the limit. While a relative in New York tried at short notice to persuade *The New Yorker* to sponsor him in the U.S., Steinberg spent a sweltering Fourth of July on Ellis Island and was deported to Santo Domingo on a cargo boat.

After a year, his visa came through: the editor of *The New Yorker* had agreed to sponsor him. In July 1942 Steinberg landed in Miami and caught a bus to New York, enjoying the "noble view, as from horseback," of America as it rolled by. He had come home to his definitive expatriation.

With a steady outlet for his drawings in *The New Yorker* and the newspaper *PM*, Steinberg almost at once set out to see the U.S. coast to coast by train. "Driving is no substitute for the view from the sleeping compartment. The window is like a screen. To arrive at a whistle-stop in Arizona and see Indians at the station, even though they don't have feathers—how expected!" It was, in part, a ballet of fables and stereotypes. Steinberg's America, as confirmed by this trip, proved to be as much an invention as it was in Bertolt Brecht's *Mahagonny*: flat horizons broken by mesas or isolated, rococo-deco movie palaces; the tubular, metallic faces of Midwest entrepreneurs and their massive but wizened spouses, gazing



Steinberg on Manhattan street

*The calligrapher in megalopolis.*





## Art

blankly through their horn-rims; blazing signs the size of provincial churches; all-leg girls and cowboys teetering on their long heels like human stilts. The drawings testify to America's unutterable strangeness in the eyes of a young European who could not as yet speak English. "Individuals unmasking themselves only to reveal other masks," Rosenberg notes in his essay, "verbal clichés masquerading as things, a countryside that is an amalgam of all imported styles, an outlook that is at once conventional and futuristic—America was made to order for Steinberg."

The next year, 1943, Steinberg enlisted in the Navy and became a U.S. citizen. He was at once assigned to Intelligence and posted successively to Ceylon, to Calcutta and then, masquerading as a weather observer with the 14th Air Force (his knowledge of meteorology being slight), to Kunming in China. His task was to act as a go-between with friendly Chinese guerrillas. Since he spoke little English and less Chinese, he drew pictures for them. It was a small but poignant metaphor of once and future Sino-American incomprehension.

When the war was over, Steinberg returned to his favorite occupations: drawing and traveling, the one nourishing the other. He did not work en route, which is one reason why Steinberg's drawings of places all look equally exotic: their abnormality is a refraction of memory, whether of Paris, Los Angeles, Istanbul, Tashkent, Palermo or Samarkand (whose telephone directory, stolen by him in 1956 and listing 100 subscribers, is one of Steinberg's more cherished souvenirs). Provoked by a "geographical snobism," and his wife, the artist Hedda Sterne—they were married in 1944 and fondly separated without divorcing 16 years later—became epicures of travel.

"Things always happen to him," Sterne remembers. "At one point he was doing parades. We went to Europe and to Istanbul and there was a parade that had not taken place in 500 years, and it took place the day we arrived." Steinberg likes to look back on those journeys. "I loved to arrive in a new place and face the new situations, like one newly born who sees life for the first time, when it still has the air of fiction. It lasts one day." The late '40s and '50s were perhaps the last time in Europe when travel was travel, unfiltered and not homogenized by mass tourism. It must have appealed to Steinberg as a form of controlled exile—the mask of expatriation.

In the meantime, his books and albums accumulated: *All in Line*, his wartime drawings, in 1945; *The Passport* in 1954; *The Labyrinth* in 1960. As they did so, his reputation steadily grew, and he began to enter that choppy strait, much roiled by the currents of American aesthetic puritanism, where the "illustrator" or "cartoonist" finds his reputation crossing to that of "artist."

That Steinberg made that passage, few of his colleagues doubt. But he is one of the very few American graphic artists to have done so; not even the big popular illustrators of earlier years, N.C. Wyeth or Maxfield Parrish, Norman Rockwell or Charles Dana Gibson, can quite bear that claim. *Esquire* magazine's design director, Milton Glaser, sees Steinberg as a cartoonist who "by some extraordinary series of shifts became a

major artist . . . It is very hard to truthfully understand what happened to him on the way, not only in terms of self-transformation but in terms of how the audience saw that transformation—so that he could keep working as a literary and social critic through drawing, and still be a unique American painter. He is the only one that I know who has been able to achieve both at once."

Steinberg, on the other hand, dismisses (or refuses to pin down) the idea of such a transition. What marks the difference between his work and that of the easel painter, in his view, has always been more a question of medium than of aesthetic fullness. "I think of myself as being a professional. My strength comes out of doing work which is liked for itself, and is successful by itself, even though it is not always perfectly accessible. I have never depended on art historians or the benedictions of museums and critics. That came later. Besides, I like work to be on the page. I never like to sell the object. I

enjoy selling the rights of reproduction.

In that way I consider myself to be doing the work of a poet who prints the words but keeps the manuscript. I kept most of my original drawings. I believe every artist in the world would like to sell only the rights of reproduction. Except for the ones who make giant paintings—they are very happy to get rid of them. And sculptors: there is nothing more tragic than the unsuccessful sculptor, faced constantly by his large, reproducible objects. *Comment s'en débarrasser?*"

His recognition is, Steinberg admits, "one of the biggest satisfactions of my life." His way of living is set, and is likely comfortably to remain so. Steinberg divides his time between a book-lined duplex in Manhattan's Upper East Side, sprinkled with his own objects and hung with a collection of drawings by American artist friends (de Kooning, Arshile Gorky), and a modest studio on Long Island. In the country, his wooden constructions: tables scattered with whittled books, made-up pens, artificial pencils. A disciplined man with many friends and no discoverable enemies, he enjoys what he calls

"the Kabuki theater of the night"—the rituals of sociability and long dinner conversations. His extracurricular passion (apart from cats) is baseball, which he regards not only as "an allegorical play about America" but as a metaphor of ideal conduct. "At night," he says, "I often identify myself with the pitcher who pitches a perfect game. Before falling asleep I strike out a side, then in the next inning I initiate a triple play, then I go ahead at bat and hit a homer. All these fantasies, based on the true glory of baseball! And why? Because a major league player has to be special: he must have a certain lyrical quickness and luck that belong more to the poetic than to the athletic part of life. Baseball is nearer to art because of the expert solitude of the player."

That solitude is threatened by the Whitney exhibition, and Steinberg views the glare of attention with a carefully nurtured indifference. "I would like," he says opaquely, "to retrospect the retrospective." But the crowds that arrive to inspect the Inspector will, one may predict, come to laugh and stay to think; for this show sets before us one of the most intriguing and complex intellects in art today.

—Robert Hughes



Ink, pen, paper and paradoxes: *Self-Portrait, 1945*  
The artist draws the artist drawing the artist.





## Books

### Mysteries That Bloom in Spring

*New trends and names keep the plots boiling*

They are the insomniac's solace, the commuter's opiate, everymitty's escape from idiot box and cuckoo's nest. Novels of crime, mystery and suspense are by far the most widely read form of literature in most of the Western world, and not infrequently the best written. Asked some 35 years ago to name the worthiest American novelist, André Gide replied unhesitatingly: Dashiell Hammett. (Because, said the author of *The Immoralist*, Hammett "never corrupted his art with morality.") Yet few contemporary critics treat the mystery as anything more substantial than a mental pacifier; the genre is accorded scantier and less prominent review space in most journals than the mindless TV special or the memoirs of unmemorable statesmen.

No wonder, as the redoubtable crime writer Stanley Ellin (*The Luxembourg Run*) observes, that "there's this mystery writers' syndrome, the feeling that we're really not top drawer. We've never been mainstream, we'll never be nominated for Pulitzers. The word is that Graham Greene will never be considered for a Nobel because he's cursed with the mystery stigma."

It is a truism nonetheless that future historians may get their surest handle on today's world by studying Martin Beck's Stockholm, the Amsterdam of Van der Valk and Grijpstra, the England of Merle Capricorn and Adam Dalgliesh, Inspector Ghote's Bombay, José da Silva's Rio, the Manhattan of Inspector Schmidt and Detective Steve Carella, Fred Fellows' Connecticut, Sam Spade's San Francisco and Travis McGee's Florida.

At the weeklong Second International Congress of Crime Writers, sponsored by the Mystery Writers of America\* and attended by some 300 practitioners in Manhattan last month, there were clues aplenty that the literature may be headed for better days—even, as Author Edward Hoch (*The Spy and the Thief*) suggested, for a new Golden Age comparable to the period of the '20s and '30s. Among other hopeful portents, an increasing number of colleges and high schools are offering courses in mystery writing. The

\*Patron saint: Edgar Allan Poe. Motto: "Crime does not pay—enough."



**A bouquet of current book jackets**  
*The folk myth of the 20th century.*

University of California's San Diego extension has embarked on an ambitious program reprinting classics, and it is assisting with a thriller series for public television. A number of mystery bookshops are flourishing, from London's Shepherd Market to Sherman Oaks in Los Angeles. Several small presses thrive on hard-cover editions. For example, the two-year-old Mysterious Press, founded by New York's Author-Editor Otto Penzler (*The Great Detectives*), has already published six new hard-cover titles, including Isaac Asimov's ingenious *Sherlockian Limericks*.

Crime and mystery authors are as devoted to their roots as Alex Haley. Among the literary influences and progenitors they mostly soberly cite are the Old Testament, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Leibniz, Spinoza, Dostoyevsky, Dickens, Voltaire, Diderot, Hugo, Conan Doyle, Vidocq,

Gaboriau, Twain, Poe, Wilkie Collins, Coleridge, Melville, R.L. Stevenson and Vachel Lindsay—not to mention the modernists from Maugham to Christie to Greene, Simenon to Deighton and Le Carré. Even Nabokov.

Certainly the congress delegates—from the U.S., Britain, Canada, Denmark, Portugal, Israel, Sweden, Italy and Japan—bore no

marks of second-class citizenship. "We're all survivors," said one jolly fellow who has dispatched, at last count, 332 odds and sods.

They are a joky, well-tailored squad who, amazingly, carry no stiletos for their fellow authors. Some of the most famed and envied thanatologists are, of course, very rich: Ross Macdonald, John D. MacDonald, Robert Ludlum, Fred Dunay (a.k.a. Ellery Queen) and Ellin, among others. Britain's artful Desmond Bagley, who has yet to make much of an imprint on the U.S. audience, still clears \$250,000 a year.

More than ever, to the benefit of their checkbooks and their readers, crime and mystery writers work at other professions. Britain's Don Rumbelow (*The Complete Jack the Ripper*) is a London bobby; Los Angeles Cop Joe Wambaugh only recently quit the force. In the tradition of Erle Stanley Gardner, many are lawyers, notably Harold Q. Masur (*Bury Me Deep*), Francis ("Mike") Nevins Jr. (*Publish and Perish*), Joe Hensley (*A Killing in Berlin*), and, of course, Englishman Michael

Gilbert, creator of the Patrick Petrella series and, he is noted, the author of Raymond Chandler's will. The remarkable P.D. James has a full-time job in the criminal division of Britain's Home Office. Other practitioners also work as journalists, critics, doctors and even perhaps as agents of the non-literary kind.

One writer has perforce abandoned a well-learned profession for the type-writer. Kojak-bald Al Nusbaum, 44, was on the FBI's Most Wanted list in 1962; convicted on seven charges of bank robbery (he won't say how many other jobs he pulled), Nusbaum served 14 years in federal penes where he became a prolific and successful crime writer, mostly for *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*. He now turns out screeds under his own name, which is German for nut tree, as well as Alberto Avellano and A.F. Oreshnik, which have similar meanings in, respectively, Spanish and Russian.

## Books



Ross Macdonald and Fred Dannay (a.k.a. Ellery Queen) at Crime Writers' Congress



Edgar Winner William Hallahan; Al Nussbaum, writer with inside knowledge

A joky, well-tailored squad with a devotion to roots and no stiletos for fellow authors.

E. Richard Johnson is another con, whose fine first novel, *Silver Street*, won a Mystery Writers of America Edgar award in 1968. Johnson, alas, is back in the slammer: a slight case of armed robbery.

The successful crime-mystery-suspense novel today, unlike a great deal of current fiction, must be skillfully plotted around a cast of credible, disparate, motivated characters; it almost invariably entails expert knowledge of a milieu or a profession; and it depends heavily on the author's familiarity with locale, which can range from the Arctic to the Sahara, Manhattan to the Mojave. More-over, as Brian Garfield (*Death Wish*) argues in *I, Witness*, "the literature of crime and suspense can provoke images and questions of the most complex intellectual and emotional force; it can explore the most critical of ethical and behavioral dilemmas." As C. Day Lewis—who was once Britain's poet laureate and, as Nicholas Blake, a canny suspense writer (*The Beast Must Die*)—put it, the mystery story is "the folk myth of the 20th century."

The ten current and compelling examples:

**Catch Me: Kill Me** by William H. Hallahan (Bobbs-Merrill; \$7.95). New Jersey-based Hallahan, 52, a former adman, won his Edgar with a thriller that scurries from the lower depths of Manhattan to the higher reaches of Washington, D.C., and

Moscow, with a side trip to the underside of Rome. Its main sleuths, a burnt-out CIA agent and a doughty Immigration official, set out separately to solve the mystery of the disappearance of a minor Russian poet whose scattered dactyls are the clues to a major East-West confrontation. A masterpiece of bamboozlement, *Catch Me* is a kind of catch-22 between rival and rival U.S. agencies, written in a style that ranges from hardest-boiled yegg to soufflé, with nothing poached.

**Copper Gold** by Pauline Glen Winslow (St. Martin's; \$8.95). A former Fleet Street court reporter who now lives in Greenwich Village, Winslow, fortysix, focuses on swingin' London's demimonde with Hogarthian relish. Her world of pushers, prostitutes, punks and rotting Establishment pillars is counterpointed by the decent, diligent coppers who come a cropper. What might otherwise have been a merely expert Scotland Yard procedural is elevated by Soho low jinks and, believe it or not, a pervasive and finally persuasive romanticism.

**The Blond Baboon** by Janwillem van de Wetering (Houghton Mifflin; \$7.95). The Dutch-born author, 47, who has sojourned in many exotic places and once lived in a Buddhist monastery in Japan, now inhabits Maine and writes cleaner English prose than many a Yankee aspirant. However, his stories are still set, with occasional

departures (*The Japanese Corpse*), in Amsterdam, where his sleuths have taken over the turf once occupied by Nicolas Freeling's late, lamented Inspector Van der Valk. Van de Wetering's latest Dutch treat, starring the familiar trio of Detectives Grijpstra and de Gier and their commissaris, is cerebral, comradely and sensual, within the generous Hollander dollops that make KLM a perennially popular airline.

**Nightwing** by Martin Cruz Smith (Norton; \$8.95). In a tour de non-force suspense novel that mixes virology and American Indian mythology, Hopi hopes and bureaucratic horrors, Author Smith, 35, weaves an all too believable parable of tribal endangerment. His unlikely detec-



Suspense Writer Martin Cruz Smith

Vampires and blood-filled characters.

tives, a flaky young Indian deputy and an obsessed paleface scientist, encounter a mass killer of a different sort: a vast horde of plague-spreading vampire bats. Smith, who is one-half Pueblo, explicates the Indian psyche and bat pathology as deftly as he creates blood-filled characters.

**Gone, No Forwarding** by Joe Gores (Random House; \$6.95). Gores, 46, who was a card-carrying private eye in California before switching to literary license, dissects a Mob-connected conspiracy to sue, harass and murder the Bay Area-based Dan Kearney Associates detective agency out of business. DKA, as in two previous novels, survives—after an adrenaline-pumping, nationwide search for a missing witness, conducted in large part by the niftiest black op in the literature.

**Death of an Expert Witness** by P.D. James (Scribner's; \$8.95). Since James, 57, is English and a woman, she is frequently hailed as a worthy successor to Christie, Sayers, Margery Allingham and Ngaio Marsh. James' knowledge of locale (in this

# "Smoking. Here's what I'm doing about it."

"I like the taste of a good cigarette and I don't intend to settle for less. But like a lot of people I'm also aware of what's being said. And like a lot of people I began searching for a cigarette that could give me the taste I like with less tar.

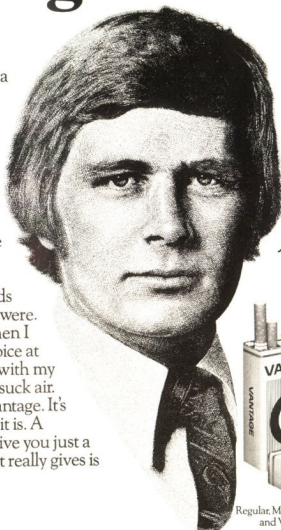
"I thought there would be a lot of brands to choose from. There were. Until I tasted them. Then I knew there was no choice at all. I either had to stay with my high-tar cigarettes. Or suck air.

"Then I found Vantage. It's everything the ads say it is. A cigarette that doesn't give you just a lot of promises. What it really gives is

a lot of taste. And with much less tar than what I'd smoked before.

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*G.S. Cooper*  
G.S. Cooper  
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,  
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Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐ the  
first month ☐ Please send me the child's  
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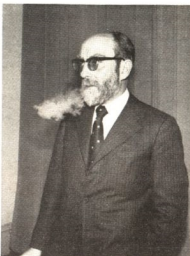
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**CHILDREN, INC.**

case, East Anglia's murky, misty fen country) and contemporary mores (some pretty kinky), her familiarity with forensic science (which is what *Expert's* plot is mostly about) and keen psychological insight, all mark her as an original. Her seventh and best mystery novel brings back Scotland Yard's Adam Dalgliesh, who writes offbeat poetry.

**The Enemy** by Desmond Bagley (*Double-day*; \$7.95). One of Europe's bestselling suspense writers concocts drama of genetic manipulation, incidental assassination, government machination and Russian marination. Bagley, 54, who knows his computers and test tubes, is equally at home with his locales (England and Sweden, in this book) and his personae, who



British Thriller Writer Desmond Bagley

*Manipulation, machination, marination.*

can be both touching and tough. The Bagleyan denouement raises his novel from mere artifice to the artful.

**Waxwork** by Peter Lovesey (*Pantheon*; \$7.95). Lovesey's mysteries are set in late 19th century London, which in too many other authors' hands now seems exclusively Sherlockian. He writes with accurate verbal and social perception about the upper and lower reaches of Victorian sanctimony and contrivance. *Waxwork*, 41-year-old Lovesey's eighth novel, is at once charming, chilling and as convincing as if his tale had unfolded in the "Police Intelligence" column of April 1888.

**The Baby Sitters** by John Salisbury (*Athenum*; \$9.95). John Salisbury is the well-guarded nom de plume of a fortyish British historian, political writer and playwright—which adds spice to his first political thriller right from page 1. It is the story of an Orwellian attempt (in 1981) to turn Britain into a fascist state, led by a fanatical Muslim group riding high on Arab oil and abetted by some of England's lead-

ing politicians. The conspiracy is defused by Bill Ellison, a brilliant Fleet Street digger whose investigative team resembles the London *Sunday Times's* muckraking groups. Salisbury gives his improbable tale cracking credibility—and is already working on a sequel.

**Talon** by James Coltrane (*Bobbs-Merrill*; \$8.95). In his first suspense novel, James Coltrane—in real life a Hawaii-based lawyer named James P. Wohl, 41—shows himself a young master of the medium. His anti-hero, Joe Talon, is a superefficient analyst of satellite photos for the CIA in Manhattan. He is also an unrepentantly laid-back hanker for the surf-and-grass California scene. When Talon detects a curious and erroneous—or doctored?—cloud cover masking a remote area of Nepal, he bucks the Establishment to prove his suspicions, survives sundry assassination attempts and blows open a nasty conspiracy within the Company. He also manages a rather touching love affair and some motorcycle exploits worthy of Evel Knievel.

—Michael Demarest

## Editors' Choice

**FICTION:** Daniel Martin, *John Fowles*  
The Human Factor, *Graham Greene*  
Kalki, *Gore Vidal* • Song of Solomon,  
Toni Morrison

**NONFICTION:** Coming into the  
Country, *John McPhee* • Dispatches,  
Michael Herr • Dulles, *Leonard*  
Mortley • A Place for Noah, *Josh*  
Greenfield • A Young Man in Search  
of Love, *Isaac Bashevis Singer*

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. *Bloodline*, Sheldon (1 last week)
2. *The Thorn Birds*, McCullough (3)
3. *Scraples*, Krantz (2)
4. *The Human Factor*, Greene (7)
5. *The Silmarillion*, Tolkien (5)
6. *The Holocaust Covenant*, Ludlum
7. *The Women's Room*, French (8)
8. *The Honourable Schoolboy*, Le Carré (4)
9. *A Stranger is Watching*, Clark (10)
10. *Whistle*, Jones (9)

### NONFICTION

1. *The Complete Book of Running*, *Fixx* (1)
2. *My Mother: My Self*, *Friday* (3)
3. *The Ends of Power*, *Haldeman* with *DiMona* (2)
4. *All Things Wise and Wonderful*, *Herriot* (6)
5. *The Amityville Horror*, *Anson* (5)
6. *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need*, *Tobias* (4)
7. *Gnomes, Huggins & Poorvliet* (9)
8. *Looking Out for #1*, *Ringer* (7)
9. *The Second Ring of Power*, *Castaneda* (8)
10. *The Final Conclave*, *Martin*



**"To be  
conscious  
that you are  
ignorant  
of the facts  
is a great  
step to  
knowledge."**

Benjamin Disraeli  
1804-1881

Very often ignorance of facts simply means ignorance of their existence.

A precautionary step in the direction of knowledge for the multinational company planning an international marketing strategy is to get in touch with the nearest TIME advertising sales department.

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be shrewd.**

Crenshaw came to dinner alone. And left with Phillip's fiancée, Hermione. She prefers the man to the mansion. Shrewd move, Crenshaw. Crenshaw's PBM sportscoat of 100% Tussah silk, Phillip's PBM suit in glen plaid.

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Its four speed manual transmission (automatic is available) slips precisely into each gear. Its acceleration comes up smoothly, with the turbine-like whine peculiar to BMW.

Its suspension—independent on all four wheels, with a new and patented "double-pivot" front geometry—is astonishingly quick and clean through the corners. Its steering is designed to provide the driver, through the steering wheel, with instant, precise information at all times, under all conditions.

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While the interior of the conventional luxury sedan is deliberately planned to isolate the driver from the

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## Invasion from the North

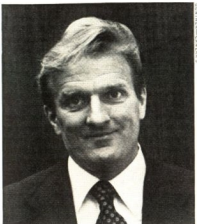
*The Los Angeles Times storms San Diego, 110 miles away*

**T**he Los Angeles *Times*, say those who try to read it, is a little like Los Angeles: you can't find anything in it. The paper is a jungle of ads, serious national stories that jump from page to page to page, ads, eclectic local reports, ads, entertainment listings, ads, ads and ads (more than any other U.S. daily). Despite periodic attempts to impose order on that marvelous mess, the *Times* remains the newsprint equivalent of suburban sprawl.

Lately the paper has begun to sprawl topographically as well as typographically. In the past two months, it has opened a local news office in Long Beach, 20 miles to the south, a news bureau in San Bernardino, 55 miles to the east, and another in Santa Barbara, 85 miles to the west—all in hopes of winning new readers in those outposts. Last week, in the boldest act of press imperialism since the New York *Times* launched a short-lived California edition 16 years ago, the Los Angeles paper invaded San Diego, 110 miles to the south. The *Times* opened a 26-member editorial office there, committed an estimated \$1.5 million to its first year of operation, rented additional office space for 60 circulation employees, installed 1,000 newspaper vending machines around town, and began printing 71,000 copies of a 24-page daily insert of mostly San Diego news (circulation and pages are expected to drop this week).

At San Diego's morning *Union* and evening *Tribune* (combined circ. 317,000), the twin flagships of the Copley chain, the *Times*' move went over like an oil spill. "I look upon this as an invasion," fumed *Union* Editor Gerald Warren, a sometime White House press secretary who returned to his old home from Washington 2½ years ago to take up his current post. "We're itching for the fight. Our juices are running. We're going to give them the fight of their lives." In response, the *Tribune* is adding ten reporters, bringing its editorial staff to 140. The *Union* has added three reporters, another page of state and regional news, and a \$100,000 promotion campaign asserting, xenophobically enough, that "nobody knows San Diego like we do."

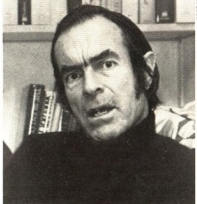
One obvious reason the *Times* is trying to annex San Diego is that the city is California's second largest (pop. 798,000) and is expected to grow more rapidly than Los Angeles over the next several years. But the *Times*' 90-member metropolitan hard-news staff is already spread thin over the 464 square miles of the city of Los Angeles, and the paper was scooped by just about everybody on the biggest local story in years, the "Hollywoodgate" scandals. Otis Chandler, 50, *Times* publisher



**Times Publisher Otis Chandler**



**San Diego Union Editor Gerald Warren**



**L.A. Herald-Examiner Editor Jim Bellows**

*The newsprint equivalent of war.*

and vice chairman of the parent Times Mirror Co., asserts blandly: "We already sell more than 30,000 copies [in San Diego], so we're convinced there's a market for a daily paper of our high quality."

Chandler has a point. Despite its flaws, the *Times* is one of the nation's most serious, best-reported dailies, and San Diegans could do worse for a new newspaper. But Chandler's urge to spread enlightenment is hardly the sole motive for marching southward. *Times* circulation dropped below the 1 million level last year, triggering alarms all over the block-long, dark brown granite and smoked-glass building where the \$1.1 billion Times Mirror empire is headquartered. What is more, much of the paper's largely white, middle-class readership is apparently leaving town. The Los Angeles community development department calculates that the city's "Anglo" population has dropped from 81% of the total in 1950 to less than 50% today. Says a U.C.L.A. journalism instructor: "As the white folks go south to Orange and San Diego counties, so goes the *Times*."

**S**o far, the *Times* has not had to worry much about its home-town competition. The Hearst Corp., five months ago, hired ex-Washington *Star* Editor Jim Bellows to revive its long flaccid *Herald-Examiner* (circ. 331,000). Bellows has softened the paper's eye-straining makeup, imported hot-blooded young writers and editors from the East, hired David Frost's girlfriend, Caroline Cushing, to write gossip items, is about to launch a graphically dramatic Sunday photo magazine, and is even thinking about changing the paper's name back to the simpler *Examiner*. But the retooled daily has not yet made any major circulation gains, and it still runs a pathetically distant second in advertising to the *Times*, which controls 93% of the Los Angeles market's total, v. 7% for the *Herald-Examiner*. "When I joined this paper, it was puffing along at one mile per hour," concedes the almost inaudibly soft-spoken Bellows. "Now I've got it up to about three miles per hour."

The *Times* is hardly the first big-city daily to follow its more affluent readers to the suburbs. The New York *Times* has launched four new inserts for neighboring areas on Sunday, the Miami *Herald* now has seven different editions throughout south Florida, the Detroit *News* has a computerized printing plant in the suburbs for speedier distribution, and the Chicago *Tribune* last year invested in suburban growth in, of all places, San Diego—by buying nearby Escondido's *Times-Advocate* (circ. 31,000). The Los Angeles *Times* itself has been producing a separate edition for neighboring Orange County for a decade.

Of course, few papers have taken the quest for new readers quite so far as the *Times* has in its San Diego campaign. But



then, a restless quest for *Lebensraum* is another trait that the *Times* shares with Los Angeles. Since 1915, the city has expanded the size of its jurisdiction more than fourfold. How? By annexing more than 60 neighboring communities. ■

## Last Tribulation

*New York's newest daily folds*

When the tabloid-size *Trib* hit New York City last January, it had a print order of 200,000 copies, an innovative magazine-style format, a highly automated production system, a blue-chip board of politically conservative backers and a priceless reservoir of good wishes from a city that had not seen a major new daily in seven years. As the paper's bus ads trumpeted, THE *TRIB*: IT SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED SOONER.

Maybe it happened too soon. Three months, 62 issues and \$4 million later, its paid circulation running as low as 50,000, the *Trib* last week went the way of the *Sun*, the *World*, *PM*, the *Mirror*, the *Journal-American*, the *World-Telegram*, the *Herald Tribune* and the hybrid *World Journal Tribune*. Leonard Saffir, the paper's founder, publisher and editor in chief, blamed the severe winter for hampering distribution and timorous department stores for failing to advertise in the tabloid. "It was the community that put this paper out of business," fumed Saffir in a farewell address to his 130-member staff. "The major stores, Macy's, Gimbels, Bloomingdale's, were shortsighted." ■

Close readers might also have blamed the *Trib*. Despite its attempt to look fresh, the paper more often looked merely gray, with a static layout and a paucity of eye-catching pictures. The *Trib* often seemed overloaded with wire copy and canned columnists, undersupplied with compelling staff-written stories. Probably the paper's most memorable scoop was a report that David Frost had gone to San Clemente to edit Richard Nixon's memoirs. The David Frost in question turned out to be a copy editor of that name in the employ of the book's publisher.

The paper might have lasted longer if an expected newspaper strike had temporarily shut the city's three larger dailies, leaving the nonunion *Trib* the biggest daily in town. A lockout is still a possibility this week at Rupert Murdoch's *Post*, but the prospect of a citywide strike has receded. As it was, the *Trib* even missed the story of its own death. Unable to come up with the check for roughly \$23,000 that the paper's New Jersey printer demanded each night before rolling the presses, Saffir canceled what would have been the self-proclaimed final edition. The staff calmly broke out some beer and began cleaning out their desks. ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

## "Indegoddampendent" Is Fine

Now that there is a momentary lull in the outpouring of Watergate books, another legacy of the Nixon era needs closer scrutiny. This is the notion, propagated by Richard Nixon, that Government and the press have an adversary relationship. What Nixon meant by the phrase he made perfectly clear in a letter to Spiro Agnew during the 1968 campaign: "When news is concerned, nobody in the press is a friend—they are all enemies." But why the press should have seized upon the adversary description and proudly flaunted it ever since is harder to understand.

Of course, it does have a fine, swaggering, macho sound. It suggests fearless reporters, incorruptible, unswerving, bravely doing battle with the powerful or gamely wrestling with octopus-armed bureaucrats. And for many reporters, the Nixon attitude signaled the welcome end of a too-cozy co-relationship of the press in the Kennedy-Johnson era, when, for example, Ben Bradlee—Nixon's ferocious adversary all through Watergate—had been willing to quash a story because his friend Jack Kennedy urged him to. But the adversary phrase has a lot to do with certain self-satisfied post-Watergate attitudes in the press, including the arrogant defense of sleazy ways of getting stories.

Adversary relationship is a lawyer's phrase, but it's doubtful whether Nixon the lawyer ever really understood the moral philosophy behind it. In principle, justice is served and truth is most effectively discovered when two sides—one doing its best to attack, the other to defend—contend in open court. Even the rascal, the murderer, the rapist is "entitled to his day in court." In practice, the idea clears the consciences of expensive lawyers who get rich defending the worst of clients or the most dubious practices of their best clients. Since a trial is combat, nearly anything goes.

Some parallels to the relationship between Government and press are immediately apparent: officials trying to put their best foot forward; newsmen pressing to discover what they may be concealing. Yet the difference between the news process and courtroom procedure is profound. The *judge* is missing—that judge who forbids misleading tactics, freely admonishes both sides, determines which evidence is valid and finally instructs the jury on how it should weigh what it has heard. In the news-gathering process, the press is both prosecutor and sole judge of its own activities—answerable in advance of publication to no one (though it can be sued once the story is out), free to select or disregard evidence as it pleases, free to omit counterclaims, to minimize rebuttals. Such absence of prior restraint is essential to a free press, but the press at least should recognize that it enjoys more unchecked advantages than a courtroom adversary, and therefore incurs some obligations.

The flag of adversary relationship has flown over much valuable investigative reporting, but it also gives sanction to the increasingly truculent, bear-baiting questioning of officials and press spokesmen that has become one of Washington's major blood sports. A cynical posture in such reporting assumes all Government to be bad, all privacy to equal concealment and all explanations to amount to lies. The adversary relationship, most evident in rat-pack journalism, gives a false nobility to the second-rate and the lazy.

Why not return to the useful pre-Nixon term to characterize the proper relationship of press and Government: *independent*? This definition assumes that the press will not print handouts without questioning them and is free to investigate wherever it suspects wrongdoing. And it more correctly describes the actual day-to-day relationship with Government, much of which is the gathering of information and the reportorial pursuit of understanding. Private briefings by policymakers become the insider's wisdom for many Washington columnists. Many officials and politicians speak to the press in private candor, trusting reporters to honor confidences and in return winning trust themselves. In this way real explanations are heard which for diplomatic or other reasons cannot be publicly stated. The process is a wary one on both sides—who's using whom?—but it is often more collaborative, useful to both, than adversary.

The notion of an independent—or, as Joseph Pulitzer called it, "indegoddampendent"—press takes care of all that really needs taking care of. Dropping the adversary label might diminish the justified sense of unfair treatment felt by so many officials. It might even lessen the press's own complacent tolerance of so much of the jostling and hectoring behavior that, when seen on television, the public finds so objectionable.



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AGE: 34

PROFESSION: Film company president, writer/producer

HOBBIES: Tennis, camping, photography.

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